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HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO DEPUTY SHERIFF BERNARD REILLY, ESQ., N. Y. CITY, BY G. E. D.

Home! sacred name, what memories cling
Around the dear old spot,
Where boyhood's tranquil days were spent,
That ne'er can be forgot.

Though many years have pass'd and gone
Upon the wings of time,
Yet, in my dreams I wander back
To that auspicious clime.

And though I ne'er again may see
Thy hills and dales so green,
Yet, still I'll cling to thee, sweet home,
Though ocean rolls between.

For there my honored parents sleep
Beneath the verdant sod,
Where I in childhood's happy hours,
So joyfully have trod.

Ah! where's the man that loves not dear
The land that gave him birth?
My native Isle beyond the sea,
I love it for its worth.

What though 'tis held with potent grasp,
And ruled with iron sway,
Yet, freedom's bark, careering on,
Points to a brighter day.

For freedom yet, with giant stride,
Will across the billow'd sea,
And plant her starry banner *here*,
Where freedom ought to be.

And this bright hope still buoys me up,
And makes my bosom swell,
For O! there is no place on earth,
Nor spot I love so well.

St. Louis, October, 1869.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

"I will tell you with pleasure all I know about her" and the pair mounted to the bridge and walked up and down in the calm sunlight, talking and listening. "It is more than two years ago now," the captain said, "for it was in the early spring and we are well into August. We were going to sail in a couple of days and my stewardess met with an accident and scalded her foot badly. There wasn't much time to see about another, but they sent one from the office, a discontented, sour creature, who had set her mind on going east instead of west and didn't want 'to go among the Yankees,' she said. I'd been giving her a bit of my mind and thinking what a bore woman became in business, when, just at the Prince's landing stage, I came upon a girl sitting on the steps and staring into the water. She looked very respectable and had a chubby, black haired little boy in her arms. It was getting dark and I wondered to see her there; she took no notice of any one and there was a wild look in her eyes that troubled me, so I turned back and spoke to her. 'Are you waiting for any one, my lass?' I asked her. 'No,' she said. 'Lost your way, perhaps?' 'My way in the world; yes.' It was such an odd answer that I quite started, for I thought she was mad, but I couldn't leave her there, she looked like jumping into the water, to my fancy. 'Can I do anything for you?' I said; 'I don't like to see a decent lass sitting there like that. Have you no home?' 'No.' 'Nor friends?' 'Friends! Me!' she said with a laugh that went to my very heart, it was so very hollow and sad; 'no we've no friends, me and my boy; have we, alanna?' 'Where's your husband?' I asked and I was sorry I had done it, but it slipped out, somehow, for she laughed again in the same wild way. 'Husband!' she said, 'I haven't one. Should I be sitting here, do you think, alone and friendless, if I had the priceless treasure of a home and a father for my boy! Gracious haven! what have *I* done that this should come upon me!' She buried her head in the child's little dress and cried; not the quiet, raining tears that relieve women (at least they say so) but with short, hard sobs that went to my heart. I could not leave her there like that, so I put my hand on her shoulder. 'Come home with me,' I said; 'my wife's a kind soul and she'll talk to you; it'll be warmth and shelter for a few hours, at least, and a woman's voice'll do you good. Come along, my dear, your eyes remind me of my own poor girl (I'm wearing this crape round my hat for her now) and I don't like to see you sitting there, all alone and night coming on.' 'I needn't sit here,' she said, 'I've money to pay for food and a bed if I want it; but I *will* come with you if you will let me. I'm all alone and it is so long since I have heard the voice of a kind woman.' She followed me in a sort of mechanical way, hushing her child, who got restless and began to whimper, and we took the omnibus and went out to Toxteth. I told my wife in a very few words where and how I had found her and she, like a motherly soul, as she is, bothered her with no questions, but took her and the boy to the fire at once. 'Take off your hat, my dear and have some tea,' she said. 'We can talk afterwards.' Her hair tumbled all down when her hat was off and such beautiful hair as it was; black and silky and rippling with a natural wave. I couldn't help taking some of it up in my hand and making a remark about it. 'It *was* pretty once,' she said. '*He* used to say so, but it's all nothing now, nothing,' and with that she fell a crying as if her poor heart would break."

"But," said Gustavus, who was listening with intense interest, "Miss Foster's hair is golden. The girl I fancied her like had black hair and blue eyes."

"You'll hear all about that in good time," Captain Singleton resumed, "I'm coming to it. We let her cry till she was better, poor thing and when she had eaten and drank, and the baby too, she talked more calmly and rationally. She said her boy's father was dead; I doubt he wasn't her husband, though she wore a wedding ring, for she said she couldn't go to his friends, for they thought her dead, and more than that they believed her to be very wicked. All she cared for was to get out of the country, to America, or somewhere where she might take a new name, and bring up her child respectable and happy. She had some money, but not enough, and I don't know how I came to think of it, but the fancy seized me to take her out as stewardess. I asked her if she had ever been on the sea? She said 'yes.' If she was sea sick? 'No,' and finally, after talking to my wife, I proposed to her that she should cross with me in the Monarch. Somehow I felt that she was an honest girl, and a good one, in spite of the boy and her admission that she had no husband, and I felt, somehow, that I should like to help her to a new life on the other side of the water. Poor little soul, how grateful she was at the proposal; she took a little packet out of her bosom and a purse out of her pocket. 'I have money,' she said, 'and these, but it wasn't enough. Will you take it, sir, and let me work my passage over in your ship? I'll serve you faithfully; indeed, indeed, I will!' I consulted my wife, who said she could find her some changes of clothing, for she admitted she had only a few things which she had left where she had lodged for a night or two, and then I talked seriously to her. 'I'll take this money, my girl,' I said, 'and these bits of trinkets, but not to pay for your passage. You shall go aboard the first thing in the morning, and get put in the way of what's wanted, and if you behave well, and I think you will, you shall have every halfpenny of it back again when you land in New York. There, there, don't cry, but do your best aboard, and if I can put you up to anything on the other side of the water, I will.' She thanked me over and over again, in a pretty, modest way, and it ended in my letting the cross-grained old woman go to Egypt or to Jericho, or wherever she wanted to be off to, and taking that pretty creature in her place. They laughed at me at the office, and prophesied all sorts of blunders and mishaps, but everything went smoothly; the ladies liked her immensely, and the gentlemen, one and all, fell in love with her pretty face. She was perfectly modest and well bred, quick of eye and hand, and her boy was soon a favorite with all on board. She was very silent and reserved, but when we were about half way across, the ladies discovered that she had a marvellous voice and could sing with taste and skill; and with some difficulty we persuaded her to favor us with one or two songs in the saloon. I gave her a hint that she could make a living by her voice, and she quietly said that was what she intended to do."

"But you haven't told me her name all this time, captain," said Mr. O'Grady. "Did you take her across the Atlantic without one?"

"Not exactly, though I have no doubt it was a feigned one, she called herself Mary Smith; though I think she was Irish."

"And the child?"

"She called him Noel, nothing else."

"And you never heard anything more about her?"

"Not till lately; when we went ashore I returned her her money with a little added to it, for she had done her duty well, and offered to keep her on board, but she preferred a shore life, she said; I met with a bad accident which prevented my making the return voyage, and put her out of my head, and I never saw her again till I recognised her at the Elysium, with yellow hair and a mind gone all astray, poor thing. I know Mellish of that place a little, and I felt a kind of right to inquire about her; he was very shy of telling me anything, fearing, I speck, I should claim her, for she is drawing money to his place, but I got it out of him, at last, how he came by her."

"The waiter told me she was singing in the street."

"So she was; she had been in a lunatic asylum and escaped; somehow or other her boy had been stolen, and his loss had preyed upon her till it drove her out of her mind, and with neither money nor friends, poor girl, the authorities had placed her under restraint. She got out somehow, and he did the wisest thing that could be done, went to the police and offered to take charge of her. It has been a good thing on both sides; she is well cared for, and he is making money by her voice."

"But the golden hair?"

"Ah, that's a wig and a very fine one. She is possessed with the notion that she is followed and watched by some one who has wronged her, and it is worn for a disguise; it suits her admirably."

"It gives her an almost unearthly look, but she has left the Elysium."

"But not the Mellishes; depend upon it where she is the old lady is too. And that's the story of Miss Foster, Mr. O'Grady; poor girl! she didn't know me in the least when I went to see her."

"It is an odd story, captain, but I am glad to have heard it," was all Gustavus O'Grady's reply.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BATCH OF LETTERS.

"Long since that word was spoken,
Long since that shaft was sped;
Long since our vows were broken,
Long since our tears were shed;
Long since that word of mine, love,
Was buried in the sea.
But, oh! that shaft you sped, love,
Will cleave in death to me."—Long.

The captain's story was bewildering in the extreme to Gustavus O'Grady, who pondered long and deeply upon it. Could it be possible that they had all been mistaken and that the hapless Nora still lived? He could not think it; he called to mind the abundant proofs of her death they had received, Horace's prompt and searching inquiry, and came to the conclusion that this woman he had seen was the one who had been inquiring for Mickey Keane and that the resemblance was mere coincidence.

But Tristraile! He felt sure he had not been mistaken there and that the shabby *habitue* of the Elysium Music Hall, New York, was the once dashing man of the world to whom they all owed so much sorrow. He made up his mind not to tell Horace about the singer with the fair hair and the eyes so like the dead Nora's; but when he met his brother at Liverpool, whither he had repaired to meet him, he did tell him he had seen, as he believed, Tristraile.

"The scoundrel!" Horace exclaimed, "I wish it had been me instead of you, Gus."

I am glad it was not—your impetuosity would have led you into mischief."

"I should have murdered him—that's all."

"And brought misery and despair on your wife and all who love you. Ah, Ratty, 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' as Longfellow says. If it really was Tristraile, things have not prospered with him; any one more seedy and disreputable it has seldom been my fate to see."

"I'll find out—I'll write to Simes, of the War Office, to know what has become of him; he'll know, most likely."

"I'd let him alone—you'll never meet again in all probability."

"If we do—" was all Ratty's answer, but it spoke volumes.

Gustavus hoped that his brother would think no more of it and regretted that he had told him. Home duties put his American adventures pretty much out of his head. His mother was growing sadly feeble now and required more watching than was good for his delicate Angeline, and, altogether, he had his hands and heart full.

Both the Dingle and the Firs, as Ratty's pretty house was called, were thoroughly pretty homes and both brothers often looked back to the New Year's night so short a time ago, and yet so long in eventful history, when Ratty came over, as they thought, to Angel's deathbed, his heart heavy with the crushing weight of a secret sorrow.

It was but four years since Nora's death and his own supposed loss, and now he was happily and prosperously settled in life, with a loving wife and pretty baby, and the squire rejoiced in his prattling little boy and the renewed life of his darling Angel.

Miss O'Grady, an elderly woman now, was the ruling spirit in both households; her temper made itself felt now and then, and they used laughingly to aver she was "Gusty by name and gusty by nature," but they all felt her worth and respected her oddities.

She, too, counseled Ratty to let Tristraile and his wickednesses alone—to make no further inquiries about him, but Ratty could not forget. He did write to the friend he had told his brother would know for information.

THE FIRS, Sept. 18th, 18—.

DEAR SIMES.—What has become of that scoundrel, Tristraile—can you tell me? My brother has been in New York and declares he saw him in a music hall there, seedy and disreputable, under a feigned name. I should think he was too quick-witted to come to such a fate; the devil generally manages to maintain the exterior of a gentleman. I am very anxious to know what has become of him. Don't fancy the information will lead to pistols, &c; I shan't cross the Atlantic to ask him out, though if he ever sets foot in Ireland or England and we meet—well, it's no use enlarging on what would happen then. Write by return, if you can—there's a dear old boy—and believe me, Your old chum, RATTY

H. SIMES, Esq., War Office.

Mr. Simes' answer came back in due course:—

WAR OFFICE, September 21st.

DEAR RATTY.—You are as impetuous as ever, I see; what do you mean by calling a man a scoundrel, in black and white? Don't you know the truth is a libel in the eye of the law? However *n'importe*, the gentleman maligned is never likely to hear of it. Do I know what has become of him? Not exactly, and I don't want to. I know what *did* become of him two years and more ago, and if you hadn't been scouring, or getting married or something of that sort, you would have known too, I daresay, though it was kept pretty quiet. Captain Tristraile was turned out of the regiment, or, what was equivalent to it, requested to sell out; his brother officers would not brook his presence among them any longer, after the story of what he did for you got round among them. I don't know whether I am touching a forbidden topic, but it was currently reported that he had spirited away your wife, and openly boasted of having repaid you some real or fancied wrong you had done him long ago. Of course scandal of this sort reaches every one's ears except those whom it touches most nearly, and you may not have heard it. Any way, Tristraile left the regiment in consequence of that and other mal-practices such as card sharping, loaded dice, &c., &c., and I have heard that he has sunk into just such a character as you speak of. At all events, he has vanished from respectable life, and I hear picks up a living as best he can under a feigned name. I have but little doubt your brother did see him, but depend upon it, he's not worth your trouble of hunting up. Let him go to the dogs his own way, the devil will be sure to claim his own some day; that's all I know about him. Yours faithfully, HENRY SIMES.

HORACE O'GRADY, Esq., The Firs, Ireland.

Ratty wrote back by return:—

DEAR SIMES.—Thanks for your letter; I did not know my name had been bandied about by the gossips in the style you mention, but the story is true; it was my wife the villain spirited away, how or why, Heaven only knows; I believe the truth will come out some day, and that I shall be able to give him the lie to his face. I believe now, though I didn't then, that my poor girl was good and true, and that he foully slandered her memory. It does not matter now who knows the miserable story; it is a thing of the past altogether, but for all that you needn't talk more of it than is necessary. Yours in all gratitude,

H. SIMES, Esq., War Office. HORACE O'GRADY.

Mr. Simes and Ratty doubtless thought their correspondence private, but even letters from the War Office may be subjected to prying eyes which the writers never dream of. Attached to the place in the shape of messenger to Simes' department, was a man who had once been a hanger on of Tristraile's regiment and a devoted pander to all that respectable gentleman's vices, small and large. Some one, it matters not to our tale who, had given this worthy, who was in reality as great a scoundrel as ever gave the hangman the slip, a character and recommendation which obtained him the post of messenger in the office above named.

It was not a place of trust, he did well enough for it; but the names of Horace O'Grady and Tristraile mentioned in his hearing by Mr. Simes set him thinking. He knew where his patron of old days was to be found and was still in his—pay, we had nearly said, though it was little money he received, employment would be a better word, as far as sending intelligence across the water now and then was concerned.

He had seen Horace O'Grady's writing in the old days, and knew of the feud that existed between him and Tristraile. The mention of their names in conjunction set him spying and thinking; a search in the pocket of Mr. Simes' office coat was rewarded by finding the letter in which the inquiries was made, and the answer being entrusted to his hands to post was easily read. By the next mail a letter crossed the sea to Mr. Harry Howard, Crutchley's Tavern, Ninth avenue, New York, which contained important intelligence for that gentleman.

"Honored Sir," it began, not that Mr. Grimes honored his correspondent in the least, but the style came natural to him, that was all.

HONORED SIR.—I write according to my promise to tell you if anything occurred here that was necessary for you to know. Something has happened—at least inquiries are being made about you. The O'Grady's are as it seems. Mr. Horace has written to a gentleman in our office to make inquiries about you. I would not get a chance of copying the letter or I should have sent it to you, but the answer I did write out. It only delayed it one post, that was all. I heard more besides this from the talk in the office. I gathered from what young Time said, and he's a rare one to talk, he is, that they are determined to find you, and when they do that affair of the dies and what came of it at Quebec is to be routed up. How they came to know of it is more than I can tell, but they do know. I thought I had better let you know, and am your humble servant to command, JOHN GRIMES.

John Grimes was wrong. The little episode of the loaded dice and what came of them, was something that neither of the O'Gradys knew anything of, but his letter was sufficiently alarming to Mr. Harry Howard. He read it twice over in his squalid New York lodging and his face lowered with an evil frown as he did so.

"Bah!" he muttered, "what can they know? All the men mixed up in that affair are in America still; and if they were all over the world they could tell nothing. Because an old fool died of drink and apoplexy at a gambling party, are they to say that *I* lifted my hand against him. Horace O'Grady look out, for by heaven, if ever I set foot in England again it will be a black day for you."

He made a violent effort to retrieve his shattered fortunes from the hour he received the letter; drank less, played more steadily, won always and within a month looked a different man. One thing touched him, however; he had completely lost sight of the girl who had been such an attraction at the Elysium; no inquiry or bribery of any of the hangers on of the establishment could elicit any information.

"Miss Foster had left" was all he could learn; no one knew whither she was gone, but Mr. Mellish's servants did not think it necessary to say that it would be on pain of instant dismissal that they gave him any information about the poor girl, who was safe under the protection of their mistress in another town. Mr. Howard could find out nothing, but he went on steadily scraping together money for his return to England.

By a successful *coup* one bleak November night he made a large sum at one of the gambling hells of the city, and though there was more than a suspicion of foul play and hocussing, and people said openly that the affair was a robbery, before the victim roused from his drugged sleep, Harry Howard was safe on board a coasting ship for St. Johns, whence he took passage for England.

When the city was still ringing with all sorts of tales about Mr. Harry Howard and he was escaping out of harm's way in the Ocean Rover and laughing in his sleeve at his victims, Mr. Mellish wrote to his wife and intimated that she might return to New York with her charge.

"He's gone," he wrote, "and, what's more, it won't be safe for him to come back again, so get back and quiet that poor thing's fears; the business is going to the deuce for want of her. The young fellows laugh at Maria's fat arms and squeaking voice, and won't have her at any price. Promise her anything she asks, only bring her."

And so it came about that Mrs. Mellish and her charge returned, but no notice of Miss Foster ever appeared in any papers, English or American; Miss Flora Cusins was the reigning star at Mr. Mellish's favorite place of amusement; a very handsome young lady, but—she had red hair.

CHAPTER XV.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,
And then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me."—Tennyson.

New Year's Eve! Snow lying everywhere, feathery and soft, clothing the fair landscape with a pure robe of fairy radiance, which the soft, clear moonlight lit up into millions of brilliant sparkles; snow in purity on every tree and hedge-row, dropping in fantastic pendants from every drooping branch; everywhere peace, and calm, and stillness.

A family party sat round a blazing fire in the drawing-room at the Dingles; both households were assembled there to see the new year in—Augustus and his family, Horace and his pretty wife and child, as well as Lord and Lady Scatterbrain. It was at the senior Mrs. O'Grady's request that this gathering took place. She was rapidly wearing away to another world by this time, and she petitioned her son to bring them all together once more.

"It is the last New Year that I shall ever see," had been the spirit of her request and he was fain to comply with it.

So they all assembled at the Dingles and the servants made merry in the lower regions while the family exchanged greetings upstairs. Mrs. O'Grady seemed stronger and better for the excitement and exchanged merry reminiscences with Lord Scatterbrain regarding the old times when he blundered over "split spoons," and iced champagne in his own peculiar fashion. Her sons were pleased to see her so cheerful, and his lordship whispered to Horace that he thought his mother might live to see many New Years yet.

"Hardly," he replied; "she is excited to-night; it is her last in this world, my lord."

There was no suffering in her decline; nothing to cause any violent grief on the spectacle of her calm decay; she was fading visibly but gently; and though they would mourn her loss as all good people are mourned, their loving hearts would not be wrung by the sight of agony they could not alleviate.

Angeline's health was no longer a subject of such uneasiness to them all; delicate she would always be, but there was hope now of her seeing her children grow up to be men and women.

The second Angel, a blithe little fairy of seven years old, was mighty important in being allowed to nurse her baby cousin, Honor's six months' old daughter, and the little heir, in all the dignity of emancipation from petticoats for the first time, strutted about upon his sturdy legs, a very model of a handsome Irish boy.

A very attractive child he was, with curling brown hair and blue eyes like his father's, and with some of the sweetness of his mother's features, especially about the mouth and chin, which were singularly loving and expressive in their looks. It was a face no one passed without taking a second look at it, and if flattery and admiration could spoil, Gustavus the second was in a fair way of being seriously damaged.

The squire had not been very well; a cold caught in plodding about the estate had kept him prisoner for a few days, but he was well and joined the family circle now, sitting by his mother with her withered hand lying lovingly and trustfully on his, and her affectionate eyes gazing into his manly face, as though they would never have their fill.

"I never thought my last New Year on earth would be such a happy one," she said, breaking a silence of a few moments, "the good Being has been very merciful to us, children."

"To all of us," said Lord Scatterbrain, "but come, mother, dear," (they all called her mother), "you mustn't talk of dying this many a year yet; we can't do without you."

"I shall never see the roses or hear the nightingales again, Andy," she replied, using the old familiar name unconsciously, as it seemed. "My work in this world is done, and I thank heaven for letting my last days be so peaceful."

There seemed to be a strange calm upon her this New Year's Eve. Was it a presentiment of what was to come that hung over her, she talked on, holding her son's hand, about meeting beyond the grave and resignation till all their eyes were wet, and even the prattling children stopped their chattering and play, and looked up with silent awe at grandma, who seemed in such an unwonted mood to-night.

Ten o'clock came and Horace proposed supper, as a relief to the somewhat fanciful turn the conversation was taking; he saw his mother was getting more excited and he thought a little merriment would do her good. So to the pleasant dining-room they all adjourned to spend a happy hour over a comfortable Irish supper.

"I wish Father Deacon was here," said Gustavus from the head of the table. "Gusty, dear, put aside a nice cutting of that turkey, his reverence likes a bit of a plump bird."

"He shall have it," said Miss O'Grady, filling a plate with dainty slices. "Father Deacon is too conscientious to let even New Year interfere with his duties; he is gone to some one who is dying."

"Dying! then it's that poor fellow Macrae, mother dear. I promised faithfully to go and see him," said the squire, starting up.

"Oh Gus! on New Year's night," said Angel. "Don't go to-night, dear."

"He may die before to-morrow, darling; I know what he wants to say to me, and I should never forgive myself if I did not see him. I'll be back in less than an hour, long before you want me to let the New Year in and I'll bring Father Deacon with me to give us his blessing."

And with a kiss to his wife and another pressed on the wrinkled forehead of his mother, he was gone.

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later two men stood in the roadway outside the park gates looking up towards the house. One was a peasant of the district, the other was so muffled up that his face could not be seen, but his bearing was that of a gentleman.

"That's the Dingles, sir; Squire O'Grady's place, bless him!"

"He's a happy man to merit his neighbors' blessings; does everybody call down benedictions upon him in that fashion?"

"Indeed they do, sir, all that know him; times are mightily changed since twenty years ago."

"I should think they were by all accounts. Hallos! Who's here?"

Two figures emerged into the moonlight from behind a clump of trees a little distance down the road and came along in earnest conversation.

"It's Father Deacon and Mr. Ratty," the peasant said unhesitatingly.

"Horace! Horace O'Grady! Are you sure?"

"Sure! of course I am. Wouldn't I know Mr. Horace among a thousand! There's no one hereabouts wears a cap like that, or a coat like that he has on. Know Mr. Horace, I should think I did!"

"Look here, my man, would you like to earn a sovereign?" the stranger asked, exhibiting the coin in the palm of his hand before the eager eyes of the rustic.

"Indeed I would sir, but how?"

"I want to speak to Horace O'Grady—oh, I know him as well as you—and I don't want to go up to the house. There's the money; all I want of you is to call that priest away on some errand that shall keep him half-an-hour, nay, a quarter, all I have to say can be said in a few minutes."

The man looked bewildered and half suspicious.

"There's no harm meant, is there, sir?"

"Harm, man! What harm should I mean? I'm under a cloud and don't want to be seen, and I do want to talk to my old friend, that's all; go now, I'll stay here?"

The man went, and the stranger watched him from behind a clump of trees call of the priest, who nodded and went with him, merely saying:—

"I shan't be many minutes after you, O'Grady."

Mr. O'Grady opened the park gate with a check key and let himself in, little dreaming that a tall, active form had climbed the wall before him, and that stealthy footsteps followed closely on his track as he walked towards the house.

"Gus is a long time gone," said Horace O'Grady, stirring up the burning log in the fireplace, and sending a train of brilliant sparks up the wide chimney. "Poor Macrae's dying confession or injunction, or whatever it was, seems to be a lengthy one."

"He would not have been happy if he had not gone," said Angel, from her mother-in-law's side. "He was talking to me about it the other day; Macrae sent up for him, but he wasn't well enough to go."

"Eleven o'clock," said Augusta, as the sound of the clock in the tower of the little chapel came floating through the air.

"I wish he was back. It seems very dull to see the year out without him."

"We shan't do that," said the old lady from her chair, "either in body or spirit we shall be all together; if not in this world in a better."

"Mother rambles a little," whispered Angel to Lord Scatterbrain. "She's often so now; but I wish she wouldn't harp on death and separation so to night; it seems almost prophetic."

"Superstitious, Angel?" asked Ratty. "You are getting to be quite an Irish woman. Come Honor, sing something to enliven us a little. Gustavus' absence seems to have given us all the blues."

Honor went to the piano and rattled off a good old Irish ditty, lively and inspiriting, but somehow it did not accord with the spirits of the party, which were attuned to more plaintive harmony and she turned to a sadder ballad, all about "Pat who was far away."

"I wish Gus would come," Angel said, as Honor rose and she took her place to sing the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," a favorite song of the old lady's.

As she came to the words:—

"But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,"

a wild, mournful cry sounded in the air, as it seemed, quite close to the house. Pain and terror, and appeal for help and succour ran in it, and the hills seemed to echo it back upon the calm air. Angel ceased playing and started to her feet in alarm, and the others looked at one another with surprise and consternation.

"What is it?" said Honor, while Angel vainly strove to control her white lips to speak.

"Something has happened!" exclaimed Ratty, throwing open the window nearest to him, and looking out upon the snow covered lawn, as he had done five years before, to hear, as he fancied, Norah's voice calling upon him for help.

"Hullo! is any one there?" he called, but no answer came back and the cry was not repeated.

All was still and calm, and quiet outside; no footmarks broke the white surface of the snow, no sign of any living thing was to be seen.

"Send out some of the fellows downstairs to see if anything is the matter," said Lord Scatterbrain. "Whoever howled like that must have hurt themselves; I expect some poor devil has tumbled down crossing the park."

"No one would be crossing the park now except Gus," said Angelina, her voice trembling terribly. "Oh, Ratty, dear, let us make haste and see; I feel something has happened to him."

"Sit down, dear, sit down," Ratty said; "nothing could happen to Gus coming home; I wish he had never gone out, if it frightens you so. We'll all go if it is any satisfaction to you."

"It was the Banshee!" said the old lady, suddenly starting up from her chair and pointing to the window; "it was no mortal cry; I see her; she is beckoning me; look where she goes yonder over the snow! it was not for you, my children, it was for me she came."

And indeed it did seem to some of the party that they saw a figure creeping cautiously along by the hedge at the bottom of the lane, but the old lady's sudden excitement gave the three ladies a new cause for alarm, and they busied themselves soothing her while the gentlemen went out to try and find a cause for the cry they had heard.

While they were gone Father Deacon arrived, having come by a side path, rather displeased at having been called off on what seemed to him but a trivial business, but prepared to do full justice to a good supper and to join in whatever sports might be in store for him afterwards.

"What, all alone, ladies!" he exclaimed, as he entered the drawing-room. "I expected to find all the household here."

Lady Scatterbrain explained.

"I heard the noise myself," he said, "just as I came in; I thought it was keening somewhere. How imprudent of the squire to go out again; he promised me to change his clothes at once and take something hot."

"Change his clothes, father!" said Honor; "he has never been in unless he came with you now."

"He left me half an hour since. I was called away and he walked straight up here. I expect you'll find him in his room, Mrs. O'Grady," (for poor Angel turned upon him a terrified face at his words). "I think I'll go out and see what the gentlemen are doing in the park."

He sprang through the window abruptly and was gone almost before they clearly understood what he said and made for the little group of figures which he could see directly he turned the corner of the house, under the shade of one of the trees of the avenue.

A few minutes brought him up to them and to a scene he never forgot to his dying day.

To two or three terrified servants and in their midst Horace O'Grady and Lord Scatterbrain kneeling beside a dead man in the moonlight, whose blood stained the pure snow with hideous splashes.

It was Gustavus O'Grady, struck down by an assassin's hand, within sight of his home and within an hour of the New Year's morning.

CHAPTER XVI.

O'GRADY'S INHERITANCE.

"Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smite, the lords of our own lands.
For man is man and master of his fate." Tennyson.

"Mary, my lass, I shall go to Europe."

It was Mr. Mellish, of the Elysium Music Hall, New York, who spoke after a long interval of musing with a pipe in his mouth and his heels elevated on the table in front of him. Miss Foster had returned to the scene of her old triumphs, and was even now delighting the *habitues* of Elysium with her golden hair and her bewitching beauty.

Mr. Harry Howard had disappeared, and no disturbing influences entered into her life or upset her poor half crazy brain to the confusion of her ideas. Save from her refusal to see any one and her persistent seclusion, she differed in no way from any other professional lady in the establishment.

The Mellish's rather favored her odd fancies; the *soupçon* of mystery attaching to her only increased her popularity. She seemed to have brought good luck to the kind hearted man who had rescued her from the living death of a lunatic asylum, and the Elysium had flourished mightily since she had joined the company.

Mrs. Mellish was not much surprised at her husband's announcement, in these days of enterprise and rapid traveling, for a theatrical manager to cross the Atlantic in search of novelties is nothing very astonishing, and Mr. Mellish was no stranger to the English agents. So Mrs. Mellish only said:—

"Law, Charles, at this time of year." For January was hardly half over, and the sea and wind were boisterous and rough.

"Yes, I think so," he replied; "now's the time to see the good things; all the theatres and places are at their best and there's a little chap making a great noise in France just now that I think would suit us; we've had nothing in the infant line for some time, and they like that sort of thing now and then."

"You just want to go off roaming for a spree," Mrs. Mellish said good humoredly enough; "well, go your way, Charley, dear, only mind if you go to Europe, I shall expect to be taken to Saratoga for a holiday when you come back."

"We'll see about it, my girl. It would do both you and Foster good; any way I'm off by next week's steamer."

"Foster's wonderfully better, Charles; it strikes me we shan't keep her long; if she goes on improving as she has done and nothing happens to unhinge her, she'll be off on her own account or else get married."

"She won't do that, wife; whatever that poor girl's story may have been, and it's been a sad one, I'll swear, depend upon it, a man's treachery is at the bottom of it. Poor thing, I wonder if we shall ever know the truth about her."

He turned the newspaper he was reading with an abstracted air so as to get at a paragraph which had arrested his attention.

"Yes, I'll go to Europe by the Monarch of the Wave; she goes on Monday, so get my kit ready, Mary, and look after the business while I'm away, it won't be many weeks. Look here, that's the little chap I'm going to look after."

He handed her the paper and she read the flowing description of an infant dancer and acrobat at present performing at the Cirque Napoleon in Paris.

The wondrous performance of this astonishing child was described as perfectly marvelous, and his beauty was declared to be equal to his talents. It was said to be all the more remarkable in so much that he did not resemble either of his parents, who were neither of them anything particular in appearance.

The emperor had taken particular notice of him, and the empress had given him a gold chain from her own neck, and in short the whole fashionable world of Paris had gone out of their senses about the boy, who, if report spoke truly, was a perfect cupid for beauty and without either fear or bones, to judge from his performances.

"It's all very fine," said Mrs. Mellish to herself, as she laid down the paper, "but it's no clever child that is taking him across the water if it had been a sons of pretty women now, a burlesque company with plenty of legs and impudence, and dyed hair all down their backs, I could have understood it; but a child that any agent would send out if you only pay for it. No, no, Charley, don't ask me to believe that; it's too much for me to swallow."

She turned the paper carefully over to see if she could find anything else to account for her husband's sudden determination. It was a copy of the *Era*, the latest received, but there was nothing of any moment. Presently she came upon a paragraph which interested her, she scarce knew why, for the names and places concerned were all strange to her. It was entitled, "Terrible Tragedy in Ireland," and ran as follows:—

On New Year's Eve Kildare and the surrounding neighborhood was thrown into a terrible state of excitement by the report that Gustavus O'Grady, Esq., owner of the Dingles, an estate about six miles from Kildare, on the Dublin road, had been murdered within the gates of his own park, by some person or persons unknown. The story was at first treated as a canard, Mr. O'Grady being so highly and deservedly respected, but alas the fatal news proved to be only too true, and the whole neighborhood is plunged into the deepest grief for his loss. The affair is shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery, the police are utterly at fault, and no motive can be assigned for the perpetration of so foul a deed. Mr. O'Grady, who had been slightly ailing for some days, went out late on New Year's Eve to see a dying tenant of his, meeting the parish priest, and returning home with him after paying the friendly visit. At his park gate the priest was called away by a peasant, and Mr. O'Grady proceeded towards his house, which, however, he never reached, being stabbed from behind within sight of his own drawing room window. The party assembled within the house heard nothing, though the snow would effectually deaden any sound of footsteps, and it was not until the priest reached the Dingle, and they went in search of him, that the dreadful fact became known. The unfortunate gentleman was discovered face downwards weltering in his blood, and one of the first to see him was his younger brother, Mr. Horace O'Grady, who is at present at the Dingles on a visit. A happy party were assembled there to spend the New Year, Mrs. O'Grady and her daughter, who resided with their son and brother, Mr. Horace O'Grady with his wife and child, together with his father-in-law and his wife, were all present when the catastrophe took place. The shock has had a dreadful effect both upon the dowager, Mrs. O'Grady, and her daughter-in-law—the latter always a delicate—is at the time of our writing in a state which excites the liveliest apprehensions on the part of her medical attendants. The estates, which are in the most flourishing condition, thanks to the clever guardianship of Mr. O'Grady's minority, devolve upon his little son, Gustavus Edward Andy O'Grady, who was four years old on the day of his father's murder. Failing this child, who is but a delicate scion of the old stock, the family property passes to Horace O'Grady, Esq., the only surviving son of the well known old squire. No trace of the perpetrators of the horrible deed, nor is there any reason to suspect any one, "the squire" having been held in such universal esteem.

A penny-a-liner's story, wordy and diffuse, yet Mrs. Mellish read it with an interest she could not account for a second time.

"Now, where have I heard that name before?" she asked. "Can it be the man that wanted to be introduced to Foster, when Charley made me spirit her off to Boston? If so, what's he to her, or she to him? O'Grady! Dingles! It runs in my head as familiar as if I knew it."

Her husband interrupted her reflections by putting his head in and saying shortly:—

"Mary!"

"Well?"

"Don't let Foster get hold of that paper."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't think it's good for her; theatrical news always excites her—especially about children; you know, she's got a craze about brats and she's always worse when she gets hold of an English newspaper."

"Oh, I won't let her have it," Mrs. Mellish replied, still wondering dreamily about the name of O'Grady, while her husband went up-stairs to his own room. He had something to dream about too in a scrap cut from another paper, an English daily, of about the same date as the *Era*. It was out of the *General News* and had evidently been inserted as a bit of gossip only:—

Unless Mr. Horace O'Grady who, failing the little heir to the late Gustavus O'Grady, Esq., will inherit the family estates, is the same gentleman who was so miraculously saved from the wreck of the Erin. Mr. O'Grady has a romantic story attached to him of an early marriage with a beautiful peasant girl who met a sad fate in a fire in London. He is happily married now to the only child and heiress of the Earl of —, by whom he has one child, a daughter.

Mr. Mellish read over the scrap of paper and then took something from his pocket book. It was only the fly-leaf of a small Bible, with some writing upon it, but he contemplated it with a great deal of interest. It was in a man's hand—a clerkly hand—clear and regular, and was the memoranda of a marriage and a child's birth.

"Horace O'Grady and Nora Keane, married at St. Chad's, Dublin, June 18th, 18—."

"Horace Kenolm O'Grady, born, 91 Kennington Road, London, May 24th, 18—."

"All correct," he said to himself, as he read the sentence for the fiftieth time. "Registrars'll be easy to find; this is what puzzles me—can't make it out."

It was an entry in a sprawling female hand, almost illegible from agitation or some physical cause.

"The above named Nora Keane died on the night of the 5th of March, 18—, when she turned away from her once happy home, knowing that her husband was dead and she herself looked upon as shamefully false and unworthy. Is there a heaven and a God? Some day the truth will be known!"

The word *died* was thickly underlined and Mr. Mellish pored over it in perplexity.

"That's what I can't make out," he said. "If she died, I've stumbled upon a mare's nest, but somehow I don't think she did. I'll go to Europe any way—she's safe enough here, poor soul, as long as my wife don't know what I suspect. This is a secret I wouldn't tell even you, my darling, though you have got more wits about you than most women."

The week sped very quickly away and the day soon came when Mr. Mellish was to sail for Europe. Mrs. Mellish had enough upon her hands, for Miss Foster was far from well; she had forgotten her husband's injunction about the paper and the singer had got hold of it. What she had seen in it to produce such an effect the good lady did not know, but it had thrown her into a state which she could not make out; she appeared saner than ever in some things and wilder in others; she seemed to go through her business mechanically but took to shutting herself up a good deal, adding to which she was perpetually searching for something she said she had lost.

Mrs. Mellish was a little in awe of her husband as she did not tell him of her neglect regarding the paper, but hastened his preparations for departure, trusting that her charge would be all right when he was gone. She went on board the ship in the morning to see that he was comfortably provided for the voyage, but the steamer did not leave till the evening and she was compelled to be at business, so wished him good bye some two or three hours before the actual time for his departure. Mr. Mellish, after the fashion of men, went ashore till the very last minute and then made himself comfortable in the cabin till bed time. Then the steward came up to him.

"Very sorry,

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 2,863 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

ENQUIRER, Elmira, N. Y.—1. Jimmy O'Connell was one of the first men that did a clog or wooden shoe dance in this country about 1839. He was known as the tattooed man, and his performance consisted of a narrative of how he became tattooed, and giving his dance. The Wood children did a double clog dance in 1842-4, at the old Chatham, in this city. Fred Wilson was one of the first to make clog dancing a specialty in the minstrel business. 2. They receive a six pound club.

YALE, New Haven, Ct.—If the judges were of opinion that the fouling was not intentional, then, if the rules of a club are such as you state, the judges did right in ordering the race to be rowed again, and the crew refusing to obey their mandate, forfeits all claim to the prize at issue. This opinion is, of course, based on the supposition that the judges had not previously given a decision in favor of the crew which came in ahead on the first day.

MOLLIE, Steubenville.—1. It is a natural gift. 2. The application of oil in such cases is a fallacy, nothing of the kind being used. 3. The muscles are developed by physical training. 4. Exercise should be indulged in about one or two hours after meals. 5. We know of no book on Calisthenics that we can recommend. 6. There are lady gymnasts in the profession.

YALE '70, New Haven.—"In billiards, when the cue ball is in contact with another ball, can a count be made when the cue ball first strikes the contact ball, after having hit the cushion? And if the old rule was changed, when was it done?".....Yes. The rule was changed September, 1866, and went into effect Jan. 1, 1867.

BATCH, Clinton, Iowa.—"When the cue ball is forced off, when played on a carom table, where shall it be placed, when the game is the regular four-ball game?".....It remains in hand until its owner's turn comes to play.

SCRUTATOR, New Haven, Ct.—If, as you say, the judges decided, at the close of the race on the 27th ult., that the boat which came in ahead on that day won they had no right to alter that decision, and said boat is entitled to the prize

L. E. P., Detroit, Mich.—1. The last race between Josh Ward and James Hamill took place on the Upper Monongahela course, near Pittsburgh, July 19, 1861. 2. Edwin Booth was born in November 1833.

MCM, London, Ontario.—The game should have been decided on the last even innings, and the umpire had no right to delay his decision for three days. Under these circumstances, our opinion is that the Wide Awakes won the game.

CONSTANT READER.—1. We do not know the lady's private address, but a letter sent to this office will reach her. 2. He is traveling through the provinces. 3. The London *Era* is the CLIPPER of England.

THIRTY-THREE TYPO.—A is wrong; the four parties who threw 13 throw off for the prizes, the two highest taking first and second choice. The parties who threw 11 have no claim whatever to the prizes and cannot throw again.

J. E. C., Boston.—1. He can make any trump he chooses. 2. Yes. 3. He cannot play alone against the player who has already announced his intention of going alone. 4. A lone game does not count two games for the winners

SUBSCRIBER.—In the game with dice of Going to Boston, three dice are thrown, the highest remaining on the table, and the remaining two thrown again. The higher dice is again left, and the remaining one thrown, and the three throws added together.

R. W. N, Montreal.—Clubs being turned up trumps, and the ace of hearts, which is always a trump, being led, you are not obliged to play a trump, but can put if you have no club, but can play any other suit you like.

GHOST, Pittsburgh.—1. The ace is the highest. 2. It cannot draw money or demand the cards to be dealt a second time. The other can receive the card exposed in dealing the three called for under any circumstance.

JOHN, Portland.—1. Roylance & Co. can get you up a wood engraving. 2. Robert M. De Witt, of Frankfort street, can get you up a song book.

JNO. A. CHRISTOPHER, St. Louis.—The advertisement to occupy a space of four lines will cost, for three months, $8 32; for six months $16 64; both in advance.

WILD HALIFAX.—1. Charles Wheatleigh and Frank Lawler are the best in the country in that role. 2. He is at present at one of the Boston theatres.

A CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia, Pa.—It was the original "Paris crew," of St. John, N. B., which defeated the Ward Brothers at Springfield Mass., Oct. 21st, 1858.

J. K., Cleveland.—B is entitled to two points only, for the euchre. B had no right to go alone, after A had made the trump and declared to play alone.

K., St. Louis, Mo.—As it was expressly stated that the bets should go with the main stakes, they must be drawn, no matter how the coming fight may result.

H. W., Ann Arbor, Mich.—The proper way would be to join your state association and then you will be represented in the national body.

SUBSCRIBER, Williamsport.—1. See our dramatic summary for the lady's whereabouts. 2. You'd write well enough for such a position.

A. S. T, Pittsburgh.—1. There is no reliable record of Eclipse's time. 2. No horse ever ran a mile in a minute. 3. Herzog's 1:43½ is the fastest time in a mile heat ever run in this country.

DOUBTER, Cincinnati.—1. It is a player bullies and calls 7, another can put 7 on and call 9. 2. It is a tie game. 3. A does not go out; it is a draw.

N. W. D. S., Montreal.—We are unable to state the actual strength of the English army and navy at the present time. A reduction of the forces is now going on in both branches of the service.

J. C. S., Pittsburgh.—Your 25-ounce saddle is certainly an unusually light one, but we cannot undertake to decide that it is the lightest in America

HARRY D., Newark, N. J.—We understand that Harry Hicken's backers afterwards recovered their part of the stakes in his fight with Carroll.

CLAUDE, Cleveland.—Shall be pleased to receive the paper or reminiscences.

ENQUIRER.—J. V. Gilbert is at present leases of the Nashville, Tenn., Theatre.

CONSTANT READER, Alleghany City, Pa.—As the race did not take place all bets are off.

J. C., Lowell.—The party is neither an educated man or a classical scholar.

THE MODEST QUENCHER.—Many thanks. Will appear as space offers.

PORTLAND.—We have no room for it at present.

C. S., St. Louis.—1. He *Era*. 2. All right.

ED GRANVILLE.—Joe Coburn was born July 20, 1835, stands 5 feet 9 inches in his stocking feet, and weighs 158lbs. in condition.

JOS. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—The re ere should order the race to be run over, and the party refusing to do so forfeits the stakes

SCRIBBLER.—1. James Robinson. 2. George M. Kelley. 3. From thirty to forty dollars.

BLOOMINGTON.—Dan Rice's original blind horse "Excelsior" has been dead for some time.

SHARPE, Cambridgeport.—The Stadt Theatre, this city, seats the most people.

HARRY FRANCES, Boston.—You will find your advertisement in the CLIPPER dated Oct. 16th

HOWE HOPE—New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore and Chicago are the six largest cities in America.

OLD TIMES, Pittston.—Sam Sharpley has traveled all through that section of the country, and has appeared in your town.

CONSTANT READER, New Orleans.—Mr. Harkins is the better one of the two.

DAVY CROCKETT.—The present notice will cost you $18. Half of a column regular "ad" will cost $22 50.

W. J. L., Boston.—The National Theatre, Boston, was destroyed by fire Thursday morning, April 22d 1852.

W. F. G., Washington.—Much obliged for your offer, but we will make up the average ourselves.

GENERAL PLAYER, Boston.—There is not much difference. We should take Pratt for choice.

J. E. H.—We do not know where you can procure a copy of that issue.

MOSS, Troy.—We have not heard from Dave for three months. At last advices he was in China.

D. A. P., East Saginaw.—The party can take no part in the game after he is out.

CARD, Alexandria, Va.—Nat Langham was not whipped by Tom Sayers. He is alive.

NEWARK.—Both E. D. Davis and Wm. H. Young are credited with having run 100 yards in 9¾ seconds.

JOE WALTERS.—Address Robert M. DeWitt, publisher, 13 Frankfort street, this city; he may be able to furnish what you wish.

G. F. S., Rondout, N. Y.—He produced the piece at the Old Bowery Theatre several times.

H. L., Cincinnati.—Your proper course would be to get the advice of a lawyer.

PHILA.—If he has a deuce and eight in his hand he can make it eighta.

BROWNSVILLE.—In playing straights the ace counts both ways—ace, deuce, tray, etc. and ace, king, queen, knave, etc

J. H., Bath, N. —We cannot give you the diameter of the steamship Napoleon's paddle wheel.

R. H. H., Evansville.—B loses, for Gladiateur's time, as given by the English sporting press, beats Herzog's.

J. T. J., East Saginaw.—1. Dexter has a white eye. 2. He is a dark brown and neither bay nor sorrell.

C. J., Philadelphia.—The player cannot put on a deuce on the sixes and make it eighta.

J. H., Baltimore.—1. Spades count one point. 2. He cannot make it aces unless there is also one on the board.

O. P. D., Toronto.—A man's religious belief does not prevent him holding office under the U. S. Government.

H. W. F., Dunsville.—If you calculate correctly, you will find that the rate is 1:33 1-9 to the mile.

HARRY LEE, Poughkeepsie.—1. Yes. 2. The Cincinnati nine. 3. Less than two lengths.

CUBA, Dayton, Ohio.—Five runs and no outs is better than six runs and one out, even with a "fly" thrown in.

RICHARD, Philadelphia.—We have not time to calculate impossible hands at cribbage.

O. K.—B wins, for there was over a boat's length between the Harvards and Oxfords boat at the finish of the race.

C. B. B., Boston, Mass.—We cannot give it authentically.

J. M., Baltimore.—Frank is a clever performer, but not great.

J. A. C.—Mr G was in the South at last accounts.

F. A. D.—The advertisement will cost $1 83 for each insertion.

C. O., Fort Wayne.—All right.

U. R. O.—A wins the bet, according to your statement.

J. A. C., Philadelphia.—They have not.

C. D. C., Rochester, Minnesota.—Flora Temple is not dead.

F. W. K., Buffalo.—We have a correspondent there.

TECUMSEH, Mich.—The cards must be shuffled and dealt again.

WILKES, Charleston.—A player cannot build at all from the board.

TROTTER.—Dexter's best time was 2:17¼; Lady Thorn's, 2:18¼.

POUGHKEEPSIE.—A casino cards counts three.

AMONG THE INVENTIONS on exhibition at the fair of the American Institute is Morse's elevated suspension railroad track and car, which is intended for city and general railroad purposes. The car is suspended from the track by means of four wheels, and is propelled by a dummy engine in the front end. The inventor has applied for a patent.

DON'T.—In an article on the means of getting to the city, the *Express* says: "If Hell Gate was opened, much easier access could be had to New York city." We have enough bad characters here already without adding to their number by opening Hell Gate.

LOOKING AHEAD.—Boston has just decided to purchase sixty-one acres of land in the 18th ward of that city on which to erect a new lunatic asylum. It will be a very large establishment, but Boston knows her own people best.

JUDGING from the innumerable interviewers on his track, it is doubtful if Hyacinthe is destined to bloom in a superior flower pot by coming here.

ALL ABOUT ELECTION TIMES.

The political pot is boiling and politicians are in a *stew* between hopes for the success of their party, and apprehensions of defeat. The smaller *fry*, who are expecting subordinate situations, are frequently *im-broiled* in rows, growing out of angry disputes, in which they often find themselves engaged in consequence of their zealous efforts to secure the election of their candidates. As is usual during election compaigns, a great deal of liquor is being punished, and this recalls a queer item that lately came under our notice. In glancing over an exchange, our eye fell upon a paragraph beginning with the following sentence:—"The municipal canvass is being conducted with *spirit*." This may, or may not, have been intended for sarcasm; but we have thought of it several times since, when we have met with divers nation savers under the influence of *ardent spirit*. It would really seem as though the little joker cannot be *dispensed* with, for great quantities are *dispensed* from behind divers bars to those who are expected to do service for the different candidates. Without spending considerable stamps for the said *spirit* no *body* seems to calculate on standing any show for getting elected to an office. There is one thing that an election campaign can effect, which nothing else *can* accomplish, and that is, a change for the time being in the social status of certain classes of men, who, at all other times, are passed by with contempt, but are now diligently sought after, and *be-seemt* for their votes, by those who under other cumstances would disdain to notice them; and we might mention, particularly, those unfortunates whom other people cannot *abide*; those who *abide* in no certain locality; who *board* everywhere; and (*s*)*lumber* in *board* yards, hay-barns, etc. They have been *looked after* and *seen* to *before* the election, and a residence secured for them, so that they may be entitled to a vote, which many of them readily barter for the consideration of a shelter, food, and being lifted for a while above their usual condition of vagabondage. It is sad to think that any citizen should be constrained to sell such an inestimable birthright. There is no loftier prerogative in the world than that of the ballot. It's possession makes the citizen virtually a sovereign; and here allow us to remark that there is no denying that every American citizen is a *prince*, because you perceive he is an *elector*. The right of suffrage then should be *highly* valued by the *lowly* as well as by their wealthy peers, and it *ap-pears* to our *mind* to be a *matter* of duty and obligation for every man to make himself acquainted with all the ins and outs of our political system, and the measures advocated by the opposing parties, so that he may vote understandingly, and not as many do, who cast their votes without being very clear as to what particular principles they are endorsing; such a man was he who a few days ago was in our hearing asked which side he was on, and replied:—"Be the *powers* I'm aginst all *authorities*." Every effort has been made by each party to secure the largest expression of the popular will in favor of their ticket. Political papers, in articles headed with startling announcements (in order that they may be *read* the more *read*-ily by the voters), appeal to the people, assuring them that through them great mischief will be *wrought* should they *cast* their votes against them. (N. B.—This is IRONICAL) But outside of political circles, there appears to be a surprising want of interest among the people. At *present* our streets do not *present* the appearance of excitement usually witnessed during a campaign, and, indeed, we are told that which is certainly very *odd*, that *even* among the politicians is there to be noticed a great deal of apathy, a considerable number on each side of the house seeming to care very little how the election goes, and in consequence the leaders feel *bad* to see their adherents so very *indifferent* as to the result. So far as we know of, there is not so much betting on the election as is usually the case. Late events constrain election betters to be cautious, as the shrewdest calculations may be disappointed, as in the Pennsylvania election, which the greater *part* of the people of that State of both *parties* expected would go Democratic to a certainty; as we heard a Dutch Democrat from that State remark, "Ve vos so anyhow shure of te election, ve thought it vos *shust no use for to vote!*" Just now there is a fluttering among the politicians, caused by the intelligence that Judge Clarke, who has heretofore acted with the Democrats, has been tendered and has accepted the Republican nomination for Judge of the *Supreme* Court, to the *supreme* disgust of the Democracy. On the other hand our Republican friends, who would like to bet on their party, are fearful of losing the election because of the inactivity of many of their most efficient workers, who were left out in the *cold* last spring and now with considerable *warmth* declare that they will not work for nothing. Well, this is not surprising that the men who were refused a share of the loaves and *fishes* should not be so very of-*ficious* in helping the party as before. All these facts have operated to persuade many a *better* that he had *better* not bet. But, notwithstanding this uncertainty, there are some who will run their chances and risk their money on the result. To such we proffer a word of counsel. Be cautious whom you select to hold the stakes, or you may be served as two friends of ours in Philadelphia were, who bet on the election last year. They went shares on a bet, each one betting $500, or $1,000 together, against $1,000 put up by the two gentlemen on the other side. They selected as stakeholder a certain butcher, a disgrace to the honorable fraternity of butchers, and to him they confided the $2,000 wager d on the election. They soon found to their sorrow, that, although the butcher was used to handling *steaks*, it was not *meet* that he should be trusted with the *stakes* which they had placed in his hands. Our two friends won the bet, and, on looking after the custodian of their funds, found that he had *pulled up stakes* and decamped with the *stakes* for unknown *quarters*, so that they had both won and lost their wager.

It is said that in some parts of the country certain men, both Democrats and Republicans, who are *getting down* on their party, talk of *getting up* a new party. We mention this for the behoof of those whom it may concern. It is no concern of ours. We are no politicians, as we have had occasion to remark before now; yet, in common with other citizens, we are interested thus far:—We would like to see worthy men elected to office. It is a fact as mortifying as it is true, that as regards many an official, their *commission* serves to cover the *commission* of heinous crimes, and frequently does some committee of investigation *elicit* proof of *illicit* procedure in government offices seriously affecting the interests of the community. POSTSCRIPT.—Don't bet on the result after the polls are closed.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

The man who devotes himself to the perpetration of practical jokes must have a queer, morbid sort of taste for the funny; he nearly always makes an enemy of his victim, and if he happen to go a step too far the thing may cease to be a joke, and he receives condemnation on all sides. And yet there must be a fascination in the practice, for it is an undoubted fact that there are plenty of fellows who would rather lose their supper than miss an opportunity to play a trick. Perhaps the taste for this amusement grows on one—like that for tobacco or liquor. Sensible people—or those that consider themselves sensible—staid, sober folks that never do anything on impulse, and who are always properly behaved, conservative, and often stupid—have placed practical jokes under a perpetual ban. The world at large, not taking the trouble to look into the subject at all, quietly submits to this dictum; and the result is that a practical joker is generally looked upon as only better than a burglar, from the fact that his pranks don't always send him to jail. If people would only separate the chaff from the wheat. If the force of public opinion were exercised only against that species of practical jokes which tend to the injury of the victim—then their condemnation, being more just, would be more effective. and we might get rid of all but the harmless ones. Some of the tribe, it must be acknowledged, are horribly wicked, but then that is no reason that all fun of a practical nature is to be cried down and the whole nation be composed of a race of Puritan elders. We know an instance of a harmless practical joke which served the good turn of amusing several and inuring no one. An old fellow had a habit of coming into a public house every morning, and seizing upon the only daily paper taken in the establishment and poring over it by the hour, to the intense disgust of those who were awaiting their turn. So one morning some of them procured an old paper and cut the date from the new one and carefully pasted it over the old date. The old gentleman was served with the manipulated sheet and read the "news" with his usual enjoyment and deliberation. The next day the trick was again played, with the same paper, and the old fellow read his paper for a second time without seeming to notice anything wrong. The experiment was repeated the third day, but the reader made no complaint. One of the bystanders finally asked him the news, when he answered to the effect that he didn't think there was anything new under the sun, for even in the editorials the arguments were about the same as he had been used to reading. We think that a fair example of the harmless sort of practical jokes, and were all confined within as reasonable bounds there would be less prejudice against them. But we fear the generality are of a vastly different stripe. Even little boys, when they attempt anything of the sort, carry the joke to a cruel extent. Stretching a string across the pavement to knock off and ruin a fellow's new hat may not be exactly a penitentiary offence. But when one happens to be a little tall, and receives the friendly line in the eyes, it is a little serious. Then there is no harm, *per se*, in inverting an old hat over a pile of broken bricks; but it seems a little barbarous to have the toes stubbed up of a frisky gentleman, who may feel inclined to revive recollections of foot ball.

There are men that work up reputations as practical jokers. But as a general thing their fame is not very wide spread, being confined to their own immediate neighborhood. In this respect practical fun has the disadvantage of written or spoken wit. We can remember of but one fellow who achieved anything like a national reputation as a joker, and even his name is now about forgotten, though it was well known thirty years ago. We refer to Mungo Mackay, of Boston. Some of his pranks were terrible. One cold, sleety midnight he thundered at the door of a worthy merchant named Nutt, and had the man himself, his wife and family, all with their heads thrust out the windows, while he anxiously inquired if he were Jonathan Nutt, and had an uncle who had gone to the Indies and grown rich. Finally, after they were all wet through and shivering, he wound up the scene by coolly telling the poor victim that if he was certain he was *the* Nutt, he hoped the devil might crack him! At another time he went to a fashionable church and took a seat in a central pew, just under the shadow of the pulpit, where he sat bolt upright, with his arms extended, with apparently an unnatural rigidity, by his sides. Presently he was surrounded by half a dozen females, who knew him not, the church filled up and service began. The sermon happened to be very affecting. All the females were reduced to tears and Mungo wept with them; but while his fair companions were plying their lace handkerchiefs, our friend sat rigid as ever, with small waterfalls coursing down his face. A sympathetic young widow soon observed this and inquired if he were unwell. In a sad whisper he imparted to her that he was a poor paralytic and had no power to wipe away his tears. In an instant the scented handkerchief of the wag's fair neighbor was raised to his face and the sorrowful drops were dried away. When she had finished, Mackay looked unutterable obligations, and then whispered that she would increase the debt tenfold if she would condescend to wipe his nose. She hesitated an instant at this request, but it was only for an instant. At the next moment her white hand and the handkerchief were raised to Mungo's entwater. But the moment the latter organ was fairly in the folds of the cambric, the gentleman gave a sneeze that made the whole church ring. The minister paused and looked at them in surprise, and, of course, the eyes of the whole congregation were turned to view the strange scene, for the lady had been so astounded and alarmed at the strange sound that she forgot to withdraw her hand, which still convulsively gripped the nose; Mackay, in the meantime, looking up at the preacher with the air of a lamb. A general titter ran through the church, many of those present recognizing Mackay. However, the little widow was strong in the consciousness of having done a charitable action, and she sat through the laughter with great fortitude. But this comfort was taken from her when service concluded, for, to her horror, she saw her paralytic friend rise and lift his hat from a peg and then coolly draw on his gloves, and the unkindest cut was yet to come: for, when Mackay was ready to go, he turned to her and remarked, in a regular stage whisper, audible to half the congregation:—"It must have been a great pleasure, madame, for you to operate on a fine Roman nose like mine, after being used to such a queer little snub as your own!"

But no one needs anecdotes or arguments to be made aware that a practical joke is very often an intense nuisance. And they are often perpetrated under circumstances that render them doubly cruel. We might instance some of our modern prize fights that don't come off as practical jokes on the largest scale. But then we don't want to throw cold water, especially Cold Spring water, on the ardent reader, and we have, probably, said enough.

A ROW AND NO ROW.—The sculling match between Coulter and Mekeel has ended in smoke. *Coulter*, probably, imagined it to be too *cold to* row, and thereupon *Makeel* concluded to *make heet* and headway for home before a *row* took place.

UNFAIR DIVISION.—In an advertisement of an uptown bathing establishment, the advertiser says: "The ladies and gentlemens' baths are separate." We cannot see that this announcement is likely to improve his business

A MAN named Robert Stewart, of Muskegon, challenges any man in the United States to roll a log for from $25 to $1,500 a side. Can't some of our politicians take him up?

GOLD went down last week, and several bulls, in their efforts to bare the market, went down with it.

STRANGE.—Snow is most apt to be in *feathery* flakes when it is *down*.

A YARD that no *'ell* can make—The church yard.

Squibs and Things.

— Lorenza Littleton Crounse, the *New York Times* correspondent in Washington City, was publicly cowhided on the 29th of Oct. by Harry Marston, late Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue in this city. Cause:—Defamation of Mrs. Marston's character.

— A society of young men called the "Sodalities," of Turin, notified a manager what they would do if he put on the stage a dramatic version of the story of the "Nun of Cracow," and as they included his best patrons he had to abandon his intentions.

— The Brooklyn agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently arrested two drivers on one of the railroad lines. The railroad authorities endeavored to have him arrested for stopping their cars, but did not succeed.

— The oyster police in Virginia waters had a combat with the schooner Anna Virginia, which was clandestinely gathering oysters, recently, in which the police were defeated with the loss of one steamer, run down by the schooner.

— A contract has been made with a New York artist, by the managers of the Lyon Monument Association, of Missouri, for an equestrian statue of Gen. Nathan Lyon, who was killed in the battle at Wilson's Creek.

— Judge Chase, of Montana, Iowa, thinks that it is more important to promote union than to dispense justice. He halted a lawyer in the middle of his argument to marry an impatient couple the other day.

— The Public Library in Melbourne, Australia, is open to all upon the condition that every one who enters must have clean hands. The necessary appliances for cleansing are supplied in the ante-room.

— It is reported in the daily papers that at the late races Mr. Lester Wallack appeared with a "picturesquely sad Alexander Selkirk air, as if oppressed with the load of love heaped upon him."

— The "Social Science Association" held a session on the 27th of Oct. when Mr. Fred. Kapp read a paper on immigration, and stated that the immigrants enrich this country $382,500,000 per year.

— The little iron-plated ship Constitution, 8 tons burden, left this port on the 27th of Oct., for a second voyage across the Atlantic. She had on board five men and two Newfoundland dogs.

— The Hon. Moses Wingate, of Haverhill, Mass., celebrated his one hundredth birthday on the 25th of Oct. He was made a Mason in 1803, and is said to be the oldest Mason in the world.

— There are only 1,834 aborigines in Victoria, Australia. The colonial government takes care of them and instructs them in the arts of civilized life. Couldn't we instruct poor Lo?

— Offenbach, who has made so many people laugh, is now being laughed at. Oettinger, a German author, has made him the hero of a comic novel entitled "Offenbach and Co."

— Three thousand children, from the schools of the Children's Aid Society, visited the Fair of the American Institute on the 27th of October, on invitation of the managers.

— The Prussian executioner will soon have to behead a young girl of eighteen, who killed her parents because they would not allow her to marry the man of her choice.

— A stand of colors, valued at $500, were presented to the Nicholas Muller Guard, at headquarters, in Greenwich street, by the gentleman in whose honor it was named.

— Ben Butler made his appearance in New York, on Sunday, 31st ult., clad in a negro porter's coat. Some one stole his clothes as he traveled from Philadelphia.

— A young woman in Providence, R. I., edified the direct passengers the other evening by boxing her lover's ears, because he had escorted another lady home.

— In Knox County, Ky., A. M. Wade, the father of twenty-seven children, was lately married for the fourth time. The bride had been "spliced" twice before.

— A jury at Memphis, Tenn., recently acquitted a traveler who shot and killed a hackman for overcharging him. Suppose we had such juries in New York!

— A Warsaw police regulation punishes the introduction of forbidden books with exile to Siberia, and caricatures on the person of the Emperor with death.

— A project is on foot among the cotton planters of South Carolina for the introduction of English sparrows for the destruction of worms on cotton plants.

— Miss Scharwtz was charged before Commissioner Shields on the 28th of October with smuggling into this port four bags of human hair worth $10,000.

— Cuban etiquette demands that you offer a cigar to the person obliging you with a light. If the custom was established here, few would be troubled.

— A farmer while ploughing in a field near Naples, Ill., lately turned up a pot containing $4,000 in gold coin. That was tilling the soil to some purpose.

— Pools on the State elections, in which Nelson brought 100, 60 and 85, against Sigel, 50, 35 and 40, were sold on Friday night, at Riley's restaurant.

— The decree establishing religious liberty throughout the Spanish colonies, was promulgated in Havana, on Oct. 20th, and received with favor.

— A Pacific railroad train filled with Mormon emigrants ran into another train near Evans, Utah, on the 27th of Oct. Four persons were killed.

— Uniac, a well known temperance lecturer, died of delirium tremens lately, and thus his last lecture was the most convincing and forcible.

— The Trustees of the Avondale Relief Fund report $63,850 30 received up to Oct. 23d. $45,000 have been invested in government bonds.

— About 3 o'clock on the morning of the 28th of Oct. a brilliant meteor, apparently the size of a full moon, burst over the city of Buffalo.

— Wagner copies from Gilmore. The orchestra employed in "Rheingold" comprises 190 instruments, among which are 18 anvils.

— The Fair of the American Institute was closed on Saturday night. H. Greeley got a new overcoat, and the institute a new flag.

— An iron steam yacht of twenty tons, intended for revenue service in Alaska, was launched in the East river, on Oct. 24th.

— One of the most noticeable equestriennes who grace our Central Park this season is a Miss Terrance, niece of Com. Vanderbilt.

— Admiral Farragut has recovered from his recent sickness, and expected to escape from Chicago on Monday, the 1st inst.

— The highlands of Sussex County, N. J., were covered with snow on the 28th of Oct., the thermometer indicating 29 degrees.

— Oliver Dyer, the author of the "Wickedest Man" sensation, lectured on "Hell," in the Cooper Institute, on Sunday night.

— Six illiberal clergymen in Bucyrus, Ohio, have protested against dancing at any time or in any place as an amusement.

— Over one hundred bakers have been arrested in New Orleans, during the past week, for selling bread short of legal weight.

— Mr. Drake, who put down the first oil well, and who was at one time worth a million dollars, lately died in the poor house.

— The First ward gained the $1,000 prize given by Tammany for the best turn-out in the procession on Wednesday night.

— The crop of tobacco in Virginia and Maryland has fallen off one-half, and through Kentucky and the west one-tenth.

— The Mississippi steamer, Stonewall, was burned on Oct. 28th. Two hundred of the passengers and crew perished.

— In Australia people are finding pearls of great size and beauty—some of them are said to be worth $1,000 a piece.

— One hundred and twenty apples, which filled a barrel, were presented to Commodore Vanderbilt a few days ago.

— The tide of Chinese emigration flows back to China. Over 3,000 Chinamen are out of employment in California.

— Steady and skilled workmen can make one dozen tassels a day, for which a Boston firm pays thirty cents.

— Nearly four millions of passengers were carried by the N. Y. Central railroad during the past year.

— A "cloth cloak, belonging to a gentleman, lined with blue," is advertised as lost by a western paper.

— About two hundred breech-loading firearms are daily turned out from the Springfield, Mass., armory.

— A dam, which had stood for sixty years at Dalton, Mass., was carried away by the recent flood.

— The first iron front building ever put up in New England is now being erected by ex-Gov. English.

— 100,000 bushels of cranberries is yielded at a single crop by a marsh in Washington Territory.

— It is stated that only three of the London daily newspapers pay the expenses of publication.

— An iron-clad steamship has been purchased by a wealthy Cuban for Cuban war service.

— There is trouble in Mormony. Brigham and the editors are playing at cross purposes.

— Six eclipses will occur next year, but none of them will be visible in the United States.

— 103 583 miles of telegraph are now managed by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

— One thousand men are employed in making "genuine Havana cigars" at Key West, Fla.

— A Minnesota congregation have a large triangle in use as a temporary substitute for a bell.

— Three tons have been added to the weight of the steamboat Mary Powell by painting.

— Prairie chickens are said to be scarce this season and bring high prices in the markets.

— The sale of newspapers has been forbidden in the cars of the Philadelphia railroads.

— The total value of all the taxable property in the State of Illinois is $488,195,982.

— $500 was recently paid for a file of the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* from 1791 to 1866.

— Miss Ida Lewis is said to be getting up a rowing school for young ladies.

— Five thousand pounds of wives and children is the portion of Brigham Young.

— The National debt has decreased $62,332,070 65, since the 1st of last March.

— About three thousand persons daily pass through the Chicago tunnel.

— A vein of pure anthracite coal has been discovered at Buffalo Gap, Va.

— A darkey is called a "Fifteenth Amendment" down in Mississippi.

— The income of the late Lord Derby was nearly $400,000 a year.

— Flour is selling in San Francisco at from $4¼ to $5½ per barrel.

— San Francisco has a Sorosis numbering twenty-five members.

— Victor Emanuel is said to be a fine singer and a good violinist.

— Pork is selling in Hayti at $50,000—paper—per barrel.

— They had skating in Central Iowa during the past week.

— Brother Beecher has become a woman's rights champion.

— At Augusta Ga., bannanas are grown in the open air.

— They are having fair skating in Central Iowa.

— Coal has gone up to $10.50 per ton in Boston.

— A pig in California has seven ears.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A FAILURE.—We regret to state that the entertainment gotten up by Jack Goulding and Mike McEttrick for the benefit of Ned James, on the 26th ult., at the Boston Skating Rink, proved a failure, owing to the riotous conduct of the friends of Ben Bevelander during a four mile walking match between him, John Oddy and one or two others, which was won by Oddy in 34:00, one minute ahead of Bevelander. Miniés were thrown at Oddy during the walk, but, despite all, he walked on and was declared the winner by the referee, James D. Shea, who could not be intimidated by the threats of the roughs whose presence disgraced the occasion. Chairs and windows were afterwards smashed by the rioters and the entertainment brought to an abrupt termination. After the first mile, a foot race lay between Oddy, McCann and Bevelander, and after completing 2½ miles the former retired, Oddy then leading by fifty yards. He refused to accept the prize—a silver cup—saying that he had walked for the benefit of Mr. James alone, and did not wish any compensation, which was most creditable to him. Jack Goulding was to have performed his feats and a number of other attractions were offered. We herewith acknowledge the receipt of $45.25, the amount taken at the door over and above expenses, and, on behalf of Mr. James, we thank Messrs. Goulding, McEttrick and others, for the exertions made to ensure the success of the entertainment, regretting the unfortunate occurrences which prevented its being such. We will transfer the amount to Mr. James as soon as he returns from Pittsburgh, where he is at present.

MCETTRICK AND HAYDOCK.—On the morning of the 1st inst. we received from Mike McEttrick, of Boston, an acceptance of the challenge recently issued by John Haydock, accompanying which was one hundred dollars, the amount requisite to cover the deposit left by Haydock. The challenge runs as follows: "I will be remembered, to walk 100 miles, for from $500 to $1,000 a side, at any track in the country except in Boston or vicinity, and all that now remains is for the principals to meet at this office on Friday morning, 5th inst., between 10 and 12 o'clock, for the purpose of drawing up articles. In his communication McEttrick takes occasion to say that, aware of the fact that a few one hundred mile trials are sufficient to break the heaviest man's constitution, he will not undertake to walk said distance again upon any consideration, after the match now under negotiation.

THE BENEFIT TENDERED James Smith, the champion walker, at the Curriculum, Jersey City, on the night of the 25th ult., was a success, about 500 persons being present. The main event was a walking match, distance one mile, between Smith, Adams and Nash—the two latter receiving 50 yards start each. Adams won in 7:35, after a splendid race with Smith. A number of other attractions were presented, and the least of which was the singing of Messrs. Albert Braham, the well-known basso, and proprietor of the Alhambra Palace, No. 1 Bond street, and Johnny Roach, the favorite *comique*, from the same place.

THE ONE HUNDRED MILE HANDICAP.—This affair, advertised to come off at Boston on the 15th inst., and of which Jack Goulding is entrusted with the management, promises to be a success. The prizes are three in number, as follows: First, $100 and a silver cup; second, $70; third, $30; and the entrance fee is only $5, which is to be returned to all who contest. The entries at present entrance John Oddy, W. E. McCann, J. L. Taylor, James Miles and Daniels.

THAT ONE MILE CHALLENGE.—Charles Quinn has, on behalf of Fitzgerald *alias* "Johnny Wild," covered the deposit left by Thomas Elliott for Patrick Fitzpatrick, and he desires that the Philadelphian or his representative meet him at this office on Friday afternoon, 5th inst., between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, for the purpose of making arrangements. He (Fitzgerald), will allow $25 for expenses to have the race take place on the Union or Fashion Course, the stakes to be $500 a side.

WALKING MATCH.—On the 29th ult., a walking match for $50 came off at the race track, Paterson, N. J., between Napoleon B. Post and a novice, both of that place, the latter receiving half a mile in five. The novice won by 500 yards. Time 54min. Joe Careless was referee.

MCETTRICK HAS CONCLUDED to abandon his proposed attempt to walk 110 miles in 23 hours, in order to accommodate Haydock. We will forward the amount now in our hands on account thereof to Mr. White, as soon as we receive his address.

A SWEEPSTAKES race of 100 yards is announced to take place at the Fashion Course, L. I., at 3 P. M., on the 6th inst., between a trio of amateurs named respectively W. T. Monteverde, Thomas Burleigh and John Meader.

ADAMS AND SMITH walk their sixteen miles match, at the Curriculum, on Friday, 5th inst., the former receiving a start of 12 laps.

MIKE MCETTRICK AND J. L. TAYLOR were advertised to walk ten miles, and Jack Goulding to perform his athletic feats, at Lowell, Mass., on the 29th ult., but the weather was such as to compel a postponement.

JOHN HAYDOCK arrived in this city from Boston on the 29th ult. He looks well, and says he's anxious for another "try" with McEttrick, whom he is convinced of his ability to "do."

JAMES MILES made an attempt to walk 105 hours without rest at the Museum, Wilmington, Del., recently, but gave up after walking, it is said, 103¾ hours.

JOHN MULLER, employed at Turner Hall, a concert hall in Philadelphia, met with an accident on Friday night. He was clearing off the stage, when a pistol which had been left lying on the floor, was accidentally discharged, the load taking effect in his hand, shattering it so badly as to make amputation necessary. Mr. Muller was removed to the German Hospital.

AN OLD CONCERN.—A gentleman of Winthrop, Me., recently appeared in the streets of that village, driving a horse twenty-five years old. His harness was forty-eight, his carriage forty-five, and himself ninety-nine years old.

THE TURF.

Trotting on the Prospect Park, Fashion and Union Courses, L. I.

There was considerable activity prevailing on the Long Island trotting tracks during the past week; the near approach of the close of the season admonishing horsem

British squadron then in the harbor there. There were about sixteen of the finest iron clad ships in the British navy at Lisbon at the time, being a combination of the Mediterranean and Channel fleets, but the offer of the Sabine oarsmen was refused, and the British officers frankly acknowledged that they were afraid of being beaten.

THREE MILE RACE ON THE DOCKET.—A contest over a three mile course, between six-oared crews belonging to the Anacosta and Potomac clubs, of Washington, D. C., is to take place on the afternoon of the 5th inst., providing the weather is suitable; if not it will come off on the 9th inst. The course will be from the Aqueduct bridge one mile and a half down stream to a stakeboat and return, and the opposing crews are as follows:—Potomac, Col. F. Jones (stroke), Geo. H. Fox, Ed. Derrick, Frank Miller, W. McLeod, W. W. Wheeler (bow), J. Patterson (coxswain). Anacosta, H. Freeman (stroke), J. Beale, B. S. Williams, H. Smith, P. F. Dodge, Jos. Peyton (bow), John Peyton (coxswain).

THE COMING FOUR OARED RACES.—The boating men of New England are deeply interested in the approaching races between rival fours on Lake Quinsigamond, the first of which is to take place on the 4th inst., between the Neptune and S. Salisbury, Jr., crews, and the second on the 8th inst., between the Neptune and Union crews. They are all hard at work on the Lake, rowing twelve or fourteen miles each day.

BIFFEN DEFEATS GRIFFITHS.—The sculling match for £100 between W. Biffen, of Hammersmith, and J. Griffiths, of Wandsworth, Eng., was rowed over the Thames Metropolitan Course, from Putney to Mortlake, on Oct. 19th. The water was exceedingly lumpy, owing to a strong south-west wind, but the oarsmen were not to be deterred from pulling by the elements, and the race was a splendid one, resulting in the victory of Biffen by three lengths.

THE THAMES AND TYNE FOURS were at last accounts in regular training for the home and home match lately arranged. The first race is to take place on the 5th inst., on the Thames, and the second is to be rowed on the 19th, on the Tyne—each for £200 a side.

THE BROTHERS HICKEY, Australian champions, are expected to arrive in England about the middle of December, when the minor matters of detail for their match with Renforth and Tyler, involving a single and double scull race, for £500 a side each, will be arranged.

BROWN WAS STILL IN LONDON at latest advices, and he and the Sadler Brothers were gaining unenviable notoriety by engaging in a newspaper controversy, in which they flatly contradict each other.

BASE BALL.

THE ATLANTICS IN PHILADELPHIA.

ATLANTIC VS. ATHLETIC.

The Atlantics visited Philadelphia on the 25th, to play their postponed return game with the Athletics, and to meet Chevaliers. They took a team the same with them—Huni, being now on regularly, vice Crane, who has retired—and Smith played his position for the first time in Philadelphia in four years. The Athletics also had out their best nine, with Dick McBride at the helm. It was confidently expected after their game with the "Red Stockings," that the Athletics would defeat their old antagonists. But such was not the case. On the contrary, Philadelphia's favorite club was badly beaten. We did not witness the game, and do not know the cause that led to the unexpected result. It is said, however, that the Athletics played wretchedly, while the Atlantics did not do much better. We append the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	PO.	A.
Pearce, s s	5	3	2	3
Smith, 3d b	4	3	1	4
Start, 1st b	3	3	7	0
Chapman, 1 f	3	3	4	1
Ferguson, c	4	3	7	2
C. Hunt, c f	4	3	2	2
Zeutlein, p	4	2	3	5
Pike, 2d b	4	3	4	3
McDonald, r f	3	3	3	1
Totals	37	27	27	21

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	PO.	A.
Reach, 2d b	5	1	2	2
McMullin, p	4	2	2	4
Meyerle, c	3	2	3	3
Cuthbert, 1 f	2	2	3	0
Fisler, 1st b	5	0	9	0
Radcliff, 3d b	3	1	1	3
Berry, r f	3	1	2	1
Totals	27	10	24	13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	4	1	6	6	4	12	0	2	4	—37
Athletic	1	1	0	2	2	5	0	0	5	2—17

Umpire—Theodore Bomeisler, Keystone Club. Time of game—2 hours and 15 minutes.

ATLANTIC VS. KEYSTONE.

On the 26th the Keystones were the opponents of the Brooklynites. The weather was very cold, which did not hinder the Atlantics from playing a fine fielding game. The game, as was expected, was won by the Atlantics, but the closeness of the score surprised every one, the Keystones playing a much better game than was played by the Athletics. Appended is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	R.
Pearce, c	4	2	
Smith, 1st b	4	1	
Start, 1st b	3	3	
Chapman, 1 f	2	3	
Ferguson, s s	2	3	
Hunt, c f	2	4	
Zeutlein, p	4	2	
Pike, 2d b	1	4	
McDonald, r f	5	0	
Total	22		13

KEYSTONE.	H.	L.	R.
Dick, 2d b	2	4	
Weaver, 1 f	3	2	
Bechtel, r f	4	0	
Folmer, p	5	0	
Albertson, 3d b	4	3	
Kule, s s	5	1	
Wood, c f	4	1	
McKenna, 1st b	1	4	
Ewell, c	1	2	
Total	31		13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	1	3	5	4	4	3	1	0	1	1—22
Keystone	1	2	0	3	2	0	1	0	4	1—13

Umpire—E. Cuthbert, Athletic.

PICKED NINE MATCH.

The return game between the Athletics and Keystones was to have been played in Philadelphia on the 30th ult., but the unfavorable weather caused a postponement until Friday, Nov. 5, and in order to amuse the few spectators present a game was arranged between two picked nines. The game was sharply played and closely contested, and resulted in favor of Reach's party by the following score:—

	H.	L.	PO.	A.
W. Dick, c	1	5	1	1
Fulmer, s s	2	2	2	2
Smith, 3d b	2	1	1	1
Sensenderfer, 1b	3	3	5	1
Weaver, p	2	2	3	3
Foran, 3d b	1	2	2	2
Hall, l f	3	0	2	0
Rifert, r f	1	2	3	1
McKenna, c f	4	0	1	1

	H.	L.	PO.	A.
Reach, 2d b	5	1	2	2
McMullin, p	3	3	3	3
Meyerle, c	2	2	2	3
Cuthbert, 1 f	2	2	3	0
Fisler, 1st b	3	1	1	3
Berry, 3d b	3	0	1	1
Radcliff, s s	3	2	2	2
R. Dick, r f	2	2	1	1
Luff, l f	2	1	1	1

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Totals	18	14	17	18	Totals	18	16	14	16
Dick's side						3	1	3	1	1	5—14
Reach's side						3	3	1	0	1	1—16

Put out on bases—By Sensenderfer, 11. Assisted by Radcliff, 5 times; Weaver, 3; Dick, 1. Put out by Cuthbert, 8; Reach, 5; Berry, 2—13. Assisted by Reach, 5 times; McMullin, 2; Bechtel, 2; Meyerle, 1; Berry, 1. Fly catches—Sensenderfer, 3; Radcliff, 1; Hall, 1—5. Meyerle, 1. Foul bound catches—Dick, 1; Meyerle, 4. Catches on strikes—Dick, 1; Meyerle, 1. Umpire—John Apel.

ATHLETIC vs. BRANDYWINE.

On Wednesday, Oct. 27th, the Athletics visited West Chester, for the purpose of playing their return game with the Brandywines of that place. Radcliff and Fisler did not accompany the club, and their places on the nine were filled by Meyerle and Hayhurst. The following is the score:—

BRANDYWINE.	H.	L.	R.	IN.	T.
Taylor, 2d b	3	4	3	4	
Sheppard, s s	3	3	5	5	
Hulme, c f	3	3	2	2	
Yearsley, l f	3	3	2	3	
Mercer, 1st b	4	3	1	1	
Hemphill, r f	2	2	4	4	
Hartman, 3d b	3	1	3	4	
Bateman, c	4	2	3	3	
James, p	3	3	4	6	
Totals	27	24	27	34	

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.	IN.	T.
Reach, 2d b	0	9	7	11	
McBride, r f	3	5	5	7	
Cuthbert, l f	4	5	5	6	
Hayhurst, s s	2	5	4	5	
Sensenderfer, c f	4	4	3	5	
McMullin, p	5	5	1	1	
Foran, 3d b	3	4	4	7	
Meyerle, c	3	4	6	7	
Berry, 1st b	4	4	1	1	
Totals	27	43	38	45	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Brandywine	8	3	3	2	0	5	2	0	1	—24
Athletic	4	5	7	1	3	16	0	4	5	—43

HARMONIC vs. CHAMPION

The Brooklyn Harmonics visited Jersey City on the 30th ult., and did what very few other clubs have done this season, viz.: defeated the crack club of the Jerseys on their own ground. The Champions only had out two or three of their first nine, however, while the Harmonics were in strong force. The score follows:—

HARMONIC.	H.	L.	R.	1ST B.	T.
Smith, 3d b	3	2	3	3	
Brown, 2d b	2	1	2	3	
Lewis, p	3	1	0	0	
Hicks, c	3	1	1	3	
Crosby, 1st b	3	2	2	4	
Bennett, r f	0	3	2	2	
Hamilton, l f	2	0	3	5	
Hatch s s	3	1	1	1	
Thornton, c f	3	0	1	1	
Totals	22				13

CHAMPION.	H.	L.	1ST B.	T.
Collins, s s	1	1	1	
A. Beeks, c f	2	1	1	
Willis, p	1	5	3	
N. McMahon, c	4	0	1	
Verrinda, 2d b	1	1	1	
Delaney, 1st b	2	1	1	
Platt, 3d b	2	0	0	
R. Beeks, l f	2	0	1	
J. McMahon, r f	2	0	0	
Totals	19	9	9	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harmonic	0	2	2	3	4	1—12				
Champion	2	1	0	0	3	1—7				

STATE ASSOCIATION MEETING.—As announced in last week's CLIPPER, the delegates to the third annual meeting of the New York Association will convene in the Assembly Chamber, at Albany, at 11 A. M., on the 11th. Circulars have been sent to over 100 clubs and the attendance should be large. The Delavan House will be the headquarters of the officers of the Association, where the secretaries can be found. There is not much speculation at present in regard to officers. The western delegates have named no candidates as yet. In this vicinity Mr. E. B. Barnum, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and president of the Gotham Club, is strongly talked of for president of the Association. He will, undoubtedly, be the candidate of the eastern delegates. The First Vice-President will probably be taken from some club in the western part of the State, and for this position Mr. Porter, of the Central City Club of Syracuse, and Mr. Lennox, of the Niagara of Buffalo, are prominently mentioned. The Second Vice-President will be chosen from a club in the central portion of the State. For Recording Secretary M. J. Kelly, it is thought, might be re-elected, if he desires it; if not, Willie Hudson, Secretary of the Atlantic Club, will be pressed for the position. The present Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Garfield, of the National Club of Albany, will be re-elected, it is thought. We have heard no mention of any aspirant for the Treasurership, and presume the present incumbent, Mr. Albro, of the Union Club, will be retained.

OLD VS. NEW.—An interesting game was announced to take place in Philadelphia, on November 1st, between the present nine of the Athletics and the old nine, Reach and McBride playing with the latter. The following are the names and position of the players: Old Nine—McBride, p.; Kleinfelder, c.; Berkenstock, 1 b.; Reach, 2 b.; Hayhurst, 3 b.; Wilkins, s. s.; E. Gaskill, l. f.; Col Moore, c. f.; C. Gaskell, r. f. New Nine—McMullin, p.; Meyerle, c.; Berry, 1 b.; Fisher, 2 b.; Foran, 3 b.; Radcliff, s. s.; Cuthbert, l. f.; Sensenderfer, c. f.; Flanigan, r. f.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION.—The first annual meeting of the Massachusetts Association of National Base Ball Players will be held in Boston, on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, at the rooms of the Lowell Club, corner of West and Mason streets, commencing at 10 A. M. A full attendance is desirable, as important business will come before the meeting. Clubs will furnish their delegates with the proper credentials, signed by the president and secretary.

RED STOCKINGS VS. MUTUALS.—The day for the match between these two clubs has been at last definitely fixed for Saturday, Nov. 6, on the Union Grounds, Cincinnati. If the weather is favorable, there should be a good game.

THE LONE STARS, of Catskill, were defeated last week by the Ulsters, of Saugerties, by the score of 24 to 22. The Lone Stars were victors in a match with the Unions, of Cairo, Oct. 28. Score, 22 to 18.

PASTIME VS. HARLEM.—The third game of this match, played on the 30th, terminated in a victory for the Pastimes, who can now class themselves "Champions of Harlem." Score, 25 to 15.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE ASSOCIATION of Base Ball Players will hold its annual Convention at A. J. Reach's No. 8 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, November 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

RESOLUTE VS. NEPTUNE.—The Resolutes of Elizabeth, N. J., defeated the Neptune's of Eaton, Penn., on the 26th, by a score of 40 to 36.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION.—The Ohio State Base Ball Association will convene in Cincinnati, at the Gibson House, on Saturday next, Nov. 6.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.—On the 9th ult. a match game was played at San Francisco, Cal., between the Occidental and Wide Awake clubs, the former winning by a score of 27 to 15.....The Young Eagles gave the Eurekas 23, at San Francisco, on the 16th, and won by a tally of 41 to 29..... On the 16th the Metropolitans beat the Invincibles, of same place, by four runs.....The Athletics, of Reading, Pa., were beaten by the Hudsons, on the 23d ult.; score, 50 to 4.....The Mohawks defeated the Empires by a count of 25 to 18, at Providence, R. I., on the 23d ult..... The Harvards scored out 25 to the Lowells' 23, at San Francisco, Cal., on the 17th ult.....The Eurekas, of Earlham College, were victorious over the Mutuals, of Richmond, Ind., on the 23d ult., the totals at the close of the 7th innings being 56 to 29.....The Grecian Bend club, of Waynesburg, Pa., paid a visit to Morgantown, West Va., on the 15th ult. and waxed the Lazy Club, of said place, by a score of 37 to 24. On the 23d ult. the Benders took a jaunt to Washington, Pa., and got away with the Keystones, of that place, by a tally of 34 to 12 in five innings..... The Champions, of West Troy, defeated the Redmonds, of Cohoes, by a count of 29 to 19 on the 16th ult. On the 21st the Champions also waxed the Putnams, of Troy scoring 18 to 8.....The Pelicans and Fearless Clubs had a tilt at New Orleans, on the 17th ult., in which the former were victors by a score of 24 to 13.

THE ECKFORDS AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The contest for the "championship" between the Eckfords and Atlantics shows that each club has won a game, and in order to reach a decision a third will be necessary. The Atlantics, we understand, are anxious to play at any time, but cannot get the Eckfords to name a day. The latter, it is alleged, refuse to toss for choice of ground and act in a manner to leave the impression that they do not desire to meet their old antagonists. If this should turn out to be really the case, the Eckfords will certainly not be the gainers by it. Their title to the championship is a nonsensical one, at best, and if they refuse to finish their match with the Atlantics, they will certainly lose what little claim they have to fly the "whip pennant." The Eckfords are also shirking their return game with the Athletics, of Philadelphia, as the latter club charges. They defeated the Athletics in this city some weeks ago, and promised to play the return game when they made their southern trip. But they passed through Philadelphia without keeping their engagement, and have since evaded the naming of a day. The Eckfords have always borne an honorable name among the fraternity, and we hope they will do nothing now to lose the confidence and respect of their admirers.

GOTHAM VS. SOCIAL.—The second meeting between these clubs on the 28th, resulted in another victory for the veterans. Score, 28 to 20.

CRICKET.

PICKED ELEVEN vs. TWENTY-TWO.

A cricket match was played on the grounds of the Boston Club, East Cambridge, Mass., on the 26th ult., the occasion being a benefit for Messrs. Eastwood and Hammond, professionals. An eleven was picked from the large number of cricketers on the ground to contend against the next best twenty-two, the players on both sides representing the Boston, Harvard, Chelsea, Needham, Waltham, Newton and Salem Clubs. A second innings was commenced by the twenty-two, and six wickets had fallen for 41 runs when darkness intervened. We subjoin the score:—

FIRST ELEVEN.	
Dringh w b Scott	15
Sanderson b Beach	5
Ward c Bate b Scott	9
Livley h w b Scott	0
Eastwood c Hodges b Beach	33
Roddick b Scott	8
Hammond c Lord b Beach	12
Haigh c Bate b Beach	5
Richardson a Beach b Scott	7
Verrien b Beach	2
Lumb not out	0
Byes, 2; wides, 3	5
Total	97

TWENTY-TWO.	
Dombey c Hammond b Roddick	0
F. Gorse c Sensenderfer b Rod'k	0
Howard l b w b Roddick	4
Burns b Eastwood	7
Ford c and b Roddick	0
Lord b Roddick	10
Hodges c Richardson b Rod'k	5
Fasalt b Eastwood	2
Scott b Roddick	8
Beach run out	2
Bate c Haigh b Roddick	6
Fitch c Dring b Roddick	0
Hadley c Richardson b Rod'k	0
Kirke b Roddick	5
Sidney c substitute b Ward	7
Western b Ward	3
Matthews not out	0
W. Gorse c O'Brien b Ward	3
Arrandb Ward	10
Banner b Ward	0
Dickson b Ward	0
Fisher b Roddick	4
Leg by	1
Total	71

Umpires—Messrs. Marshall and Light.

CLOSING DAY OF THE WILLOW CLUB.

On the 30th ult., at the Prospect Park grounds, the members of the Willow Club, of Brooklyn, closed their play for the season of 1869, by a match between the veterans and colts of the club. The attendance of members was large and the enjoyment unlimited. At the conclusion of the match, the entire party adjourned to Ward's hostelrie, on the Coney Island road, where, after an impromptu game of rounders, a good old-fashioned cricketers' dinner wound up the day's sport. The following is a summary of the single innings played:—

COLTS.		VETERANS.	
Filmer b Sleigh	8	Sleigh c Holland b Filmer	9
Ulrehuh run out	1	Wakefield c and b Ulrehuh	13
Hutchings b Wakefield	21	Oates run out	8
Roebuck b Wakefield	11	Ludlow b Ulrehuh	10
Holland b Wakefield	15	Cullmer run out	6
Mepson c Sprague b Wakefield	10	Bull not out	6
Sprague b Wakefield	6	Corbett hit wicket	3
Jackson b Wakefield	2	Clarkson run out	7
Dent c Filmer b Sleigh	9	Stevenson b Filmer	15
R. B. Sleigh b Wakefield	2	Clarkson run out	7
Perry not out	1	Samuels run out	2
Byes, 2; leg bye, 1	3	Byes	4
Total	93	Total	99

Umpires—Messrs. Marshall and Light.

THE RING.

HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

ALLEN AND MCCOOLE.

The principals in the match for the heavy weight championship are working like beavers at their respective training quarters and the public look forward more hopefully to a meeting on the turf on the 10th inst. Butt Riley and Sher. Thurston are training Allen, while Tom Kelly and Jim Haley look after the interests of McCoole. Reports represent both as already in admirable condition, and, if nothing arises to prevent them putting up their hands in the ring a second time, a much harder fight than before may be looked for. Tom and Jem Coyne were to have taken a joint benefit at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the night of Oct. 30th.

REARDON FORFEITS TO COYNE.—As was to have been expected from the way in which Patsy Reardon has been conducting himself, his backers have determined not to blindly risk any more money upon him, and consequently have paid forfeit of the $200 already up for his late match with Jem Coyne, which is, of course, off. Concerning the matter the Cincinnati *Commercial* says:—"Nobody regrets this more than Jem Coyne. He had trained faithfully for two weeks by Tom Allen's side, had greatly reduced himself in flesh, and was already in splendid condition, with muscles like iron, sinews of steel, skin smooth and fine as silk, and fists like sledge hammers. Coyne proposed to make his undertaking good; but Reardon, it seems, has had no idea whatever of going into the ring to fight for other men's gain and only a little glory. In fact, having become nothing but a skin of whisky lately, his training has consisted only in vigorous attacks on the contents of flint glass bottles. He has been in an imaginary ring all the time, constituted himself his own bottleholder, umpired every round in favor of more grog, and finally decided the matter, as referee, in the interest of peace and an unlimited quantity of whiskey."

AN EXHIBITION FOR "SOAP."—The sparring show given by Tom McAlpine, *alias* "Soap," at 600 Broadway, on Monday evening, 25th ult., was poorly attended and the boxing was very light-waisted. The sets-to brought into notice Billy Edwards, Joe Ryan, Andy Hanley, O'Mealia, Stenson Brothers, Crogan, Herbert, and a couple of friends whose names did not transpire. Owney Geoghegan was advertised to wind-up with "Soap," but, agreeable to general expectation, he failed to make his appearance. Crogan also gave a song and dance, and Uncle Tovee was Master of Ceremonies, returning thanks at the close. Mac evidently acted injudiciously in charging a dollar for the privilege of sitting on a hard bench, and to this fact is, in a great measure, due the slim attendance.

EFFORTS are at present being made to get up a substantial benefit for Ned James at one of the principal halls in Pittsburgh. The entertainment will consist of sparring, athletic exercises, singing, dancing, &c., and as the arrangements are in the hands of Johnny Hamill and several other popular sports, this, combined with the esteem in which the beneficiary is held there, ought to ensure the success of the project. It will most likely take place during the latter part of the present week and Mr. James will be present in person.

THE "PHENOMENON."—Sam Collyer has obtained a lease of the premises No. 37 West Fayette street, Baltimore, which he has christened the "Phenomenon," and where he will be "at home" to all friends, old and new, ready to extend a warm welcome and satisfy the bibulous cravings of the inner man. The sports of the City of Monuments think a deal of the champion, and he will doubtless do well there. Read Sam's card in another column.

MIKE RYAN had a "ben" at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on the night of the 19th ult., which is said to have been a success. Besides the wind-up between Ryan and Jimmy Halloran, there were sets-to between Slater and Rumsey, Keefe and Broderick, and a variety performance, during which Jas. M. Goukler opened twenty-five oysters in one minute on a wager.

A SUBSCRIPTION is being raised for Bob Brettle, for the purpose of setting him up in business. The English papers state that he was unsuccessful during his late visit to America, but we question very much if he ever did any thing like as well, in the same length of time, in England, and if he'd acted "on the square, boys," while here, he might have been doing well still.

BARNEY AARON arrived from Baltimore on the 31st ult. Me and Sam Collyer purpose giving a joint exhibition in the metropolis shortly, providing a suitable hall can be secured. If they do, they can depend upon having a full house, for the sporting portion of the community are anxious to see them "square" for each other, and "fight their battles o'er again."

SAM COLLYER AND BARNEY AARON appeared every evening last week at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., sparring in the concert hall scene in "After Dark." Their engagement was a thorough success, the mimic battle being greeted with enthusiastic applause, and Barney and Sam being repeatedly *encored*.

JOHNNY HANNON challenges Mike O'Connor, *alias* "Red Handed Mike," to fight for fun or a stake and the title of "light weight champion of Minnesota," which both claim, though it puzzles us to know how either gained it.

A COUPLE OF "MOKES" have been matched to fight at 135 lbs, for $100 a side, in Delaware or Maryland, on the 9th inst. They both belong in Wilmington and are known as Larry and Marsh. Charlie Hall has charge of the former, while Sam Nebeker attends to the other.

NED O'BALDWIN'S BENEFIT, which was to have taken place at the Boston Skating Rink on the evening of the 2d inst., has been postponed until the 6th, when it will come off at the Olympic Theatre. The managers of the rink refused to allow Ned to have it, owing to the trouble which occurred there on the night of the 25th.

THE BOXING SHOW announced to be given at Coomb's Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 25th ult., by Sam Collyer and Barney Aaron didn't take place, they preferring to accept an engagement for six nights at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

IN QUOD.—Con Riordan, a former opponent of Patsy Sheppard in the "magic circle," has been convicted of robbery in Omaha, and been provided with accommodations in the penitentiary for three years.

TIM MCCARTHY, of San Francisco, has been elected Supervisor, and will take his seat as the representative of the 4th ward of said city on December 1st. His friends will be glad to hear it.

VAL MCKINNEY was badly trounced in a rough and tumble fight with a hackman, styled "Unfortunate Pat," at Omaha, lately.

SIMEON COTTER has withdrawn the $35 which he deposited at the time of issuing his recent challenge through our columns.

WE HAVE LETTERS for John Morrissey, M. C., Ned O'Baldwin, Billy Edwards and Jim Colbert.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN DERRY gave a seance at the Mercantile Hall, San Francisco, on Saturday evening, Oct. 16th, to a numerous audience. Messrs. Hughes and Strable, billiard table manufacturers, inaugurated a tournament at the Fair in that city, and Messrs. Deery, Keading, Little, Freer, White, Mott and Furgason have played every evening for the week ending Oct. 23. The result of the tournament is as follows:—

Mott won one game and lost three, Freer won two and lost two; Kaeding won three and lost one; Farquharson won one and lost three; and Wright won three and lost one. A game was played between Messrs. Kaeding and Merrifield, and won by Mr. Kaeding; but as Mr. Merrifield did not play thereafter, the game was ruled out.

As will be seen by the above, Messrs. Kaeding and Wright were tie, each having won three games and lost one.

THE DECISIVE GAME.

Then came the decisive game for the first prize between Messrs. Kaeding and Wright, which resulted as follows:—

Kaeding.—0, 4, 8, 8, 13, 3, 2, 4, 5, 7, 12, 2, 17, 32, 113, 3, 49, 18, 0, 5. Total, 300.

Wright.—0, 35, 6, 6, 0, 0, 2, 2, 2, 13, 0, 0, 18, 0, 9, 55, 21, 0. Total, 175.

Average.—Kaeding, 15; Wright, 9 4-19.

PRIZES.

This gives Mr. Kaeding the first prize, Mr. Wright the second and Mr. Freer the third.

AVERAGES.

Mott.—17, 21 1-7, 15-17-19 and 15 2-3.
Freer.—9 11-17, 7 22-23, 15 15-19 and 11 12-18.
Kaeding.—12½, 20 2-5, 13 15-22, 7 2-3 and 15.
Farquharson.—6 4-7, 9 2-3, 20 2-15 and 13 1-19.
Wright.—10 5-7, 13 1-20, 11 15-18, 30 and 9 4-19.

OTHER GAMES.

Messrs. Wright and Mott played Messrs. Kaeding and Davenport a game of three hundred points, which the former won by about fifty points.

A game of two hundred points between Messrs. Freer and Farquharson resulted in a victory for the latter.

The evening's entertainment closed with a French caron game of fifty points between Messrs. Wright and Kaeding, in which the latter won.

THE OPPOSING CLAIMS OF HEWINS AND BENJAMIN.—No settlement has as yet been come to in regard to the dispute arising out of the contest of the 22d ult. at the three-ball game, between Ralph Benjamin and M. H. Hewins. Michael Phelan has disposed of so much of the dispute referred to him, by deciding that the referee's ruling as to the use of the butt was erroneous. What effect this decision should have upon the result of the game Mr. Phelan declines to say, because that question has been submitted to him by but one of the interested players. Mr. Hewins concedes that the game is null and void, in consequence of the referee's decision having been annuled. Mr. Benjamin, on the other hand, claims that he is entitled to the game, because the one which he was improperly denied has been allowed he would have reached 150 (the number of points required) ahead of his adversary. Thus the matter stands. Doubtless the stakeholder will now be appealed to, to settle the point which Mr. Phelan has left untouched.

PLAYING AT 256 BROADWAY.—On the afternoon of the 27th ult., Michael Phelan, Tim Flynn and Edward Cahill played a couple of games at the rooms now superintended by the latter. The first game, between Cahill and Phelan, 1,000 points up; this game was finished by Cahill and Flynn, the latter won by a few points. There was a goodly attendance and everything passed off pleasantly, the only excention to the "things" being certain persons representing themselves as "of the Press." They were certainly *on* the press and could not even be shaken off.

OHIO BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—The Ohio State Tournament for the possession of the cue recently resigned by Fred Ackerman, will begin in Cincinnati on the 22d of Nov. next. The cue was originally won by Harry Choate, at a tournament held last year. By him it was lost to Ackerman, who, after defeating Honing some weeks ago, gave it up. There promises to be a lively competition at the coming trial of skill, some half dozen experts from Cincinnati alone having promised to compete. Entries should be either addressed to Phil Tieman or Julius Balke.

HUGHES, OF SAN FRANCISCO.—Hughes, billiard table maker, of San Francisco, and one of the old heads of the world billiardistic, has severed his connection with Strahlen, and is now *en route* to this city. It is his intention to reside here.

DEERY VS. DION.—Cyrille Dion, who has his money up is naturally solicitous as to when and where he is to play Deery for the diamond cue. On the 20th ult. Deery was written to on this very subject, but scarcely sufficient time has elapsed for a reply.

PLAYING IN BROOKLYN.—Messrs. Phelan, Flynn, Cahill and others went in Brooklyn on the 1st inst., and played first at Van Cleef's new room, on Fulton street, near Navy street, and afterward at Deane's.

INDIANA CHAMPIONSHIP.—A tournament for the championship of Indiana was begun at Indianapolis on the 25th ult., and should have closed on the 30th. Next week we shall probably have a summary of the proceedings.

PIGEON MATCH.—Ira Paine, John Taylor and Edward Tinker, have concluded arrangements to shoot at 100 single birds each, from a ground trap, at Dubois' Track, Eighth avenue, on the 8th inst. The celebrity of the principals as trigger pullers invests the contest with great interest, and if Mr. Bergh will but permit it to be brought off, there'll be a strong muster of sporting men present. If he does not, then we will have a test case, which will finally settle the question whether the killing of pigeons in this way can be termed cruelty to animals.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN ILLINOIS.—The 22d ult. was the date agreed upon for the match for $100 a side between Haxarth and Williams, at Quincy, Ills., but the latter failed to show up and the $25 a side up was forfeited to Hawarth. The birds being on the ground and paid for, however, Mr. H. got up several impromptu contests. The first was at 7 singles, 21 yards rise and 80 yards fall, between Hawarth, Burt and Dyer, the two former killing all and Burt 6. In the second, at same number of birds, Hawarth killed 6, Burt 6, Brown 7, Strong 4, and Abel 5. The third was at five singles, Haworth killing 5, Burt 5, Dyer 4, and Brown 4. The fourth was at one pair double birds each, Burt killing both, and Hawarth, Dyer and Brown 1 each.

SHOOTING FOR A TROPHY.—The silver cup, weighing six pounds, which had been advertised to be shot for at Toronto, C. W., was lost and won on the 19th ult. The conditions were to shoot at 50 single and 25 double birds each, the contestants being James Ward and H. Holliday. The day was windy and Ward won the prize, killing 38 singles and 41 doubles; Holliday killed 35 singles and 33 double birds.

DOG DISPUTE.—A controversy between canines came off in a pit improvised in the hold of a schooner lying at one of the docks in Chicago, on the 28th ult. The animals were named respectively Spot and Jack, and were the property of two vessel captains, the former hailing from Tonawanda, near Buffalo, and the latter from Bridgeport. The stakes were $200 a side, and Spot weighed 31 pounds, while Jack scaled half a pound more; had they been in fit neither would have weighed more than 28 pounds. After fighting forty-five minutes Jack refused to scratch for the fourth round, and Spot was declared the winner. It was a desperate contest while it lasted.

A BIT OF A BOAT RACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY C. EDWARD.

Sol. Ingles told this—a tall, stouchy fellow, but by no means the fool he was sometimes taken for.

"You know, boys, I was raised in a country town—Carthage. Any of you ever been there?"

"No!"

"Well, at any rate it's only necessary to state that it is situated on a stream that they call a river, and which is a pretty good sized creek; and just at our town there was a big dam, which made a mighty nice still stream of it for a mile or two.

"It is a good many years ago, while I was a tolerably young fellow, that the boys of our place got into the notion of organizing boat clubs. They had always done a good deal of skiff riding, but never anything in the way of attempting a regular club. But this new motion seemed to take well, and before many days we had two regular clubs in existence. As a matter of course the next thing on the carpet was to have a race between them. You know, boys, that I've got a good deal of power in these long arms of mine, and in those days I had had a heap of experience in rowing. Well, to cut it short, I was made captain of the Lone Star crew, and pulled stroke oar. The others called themselves the Rough and Ready.

"Boys, I know that rivalry will always raise prejudices against an opponent; but I don't think it would influence my judgement so much as to slander the other club at this late day. But it was so well known that they were made up of the rougher fellows of the town, that when we got their challenge we hesitated whether or not to accept it. However, we wanted a race as well as they did, so at last we said yes to their defiance, and then both crews began a regular course of practice, for we wanted to make the contest an 'event' in the town; and, indeed, it did bid fair to be a gala thing, for the friends of both clubs became warm partisans, and a good many who knew neither were anxious to see it. As the day came on, we got pretty watchful of our friends on the other side, for we knew they would resort to any trick to beat us, and, if possible, throw ridicule on us.

"They had the better opportunity that we had but one boat-house, which we shared in common. It was an old barn, which we had brought to the water-side and fitted up to receive our boats; and the Rough and Readys occupied one side and we the other.

"The race was to come off in the morning, and it was during the night before that we calculated they would be at work, if they were really determined to do anything to our craft, for, as we had it out every day, we

ANOTHER BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY R. U. SCHAMP.

It was a stout young oysterman
Lived on the banks of Dee;
A merry, roystering, swaggering blade,
Of twenty-four, was he;
His rosy cheeks and portly form
Were jolly things to see.

Now this tall and portly oysterman
He dearly loved good cheer,
He loved the steak called porter-house,
He loved his mug of beer;
The sound of rattling knives and forks
Was music to his ear.

One day the aforesaid oysterman
Sat down to pickled souse;
He also had an apple tart
And pudding in the house—
The latter in a deep, broad dish;
Before him sat his spouse.

The pickled souse and apple tart
He did devour them both;
And then the pudding to attack,
In sooth, was nothing loth.
He took a piece, and then exclaimed—
Together with an oath—

"Confound you, wife, you buzzy! you've
Completely spoiled my fun;
I sat down for a hearty meal,
And ain't ate half a one;
And what is more, I can't, because
The pudding is not done!"

The good wife, tired, and hungry, too,
Was washing up the delf;
She took the apple pudding up
And put it on the shelf—
"O, if it is not done," said she,
"I'll finish it myself."

A TALK ABOUT TOBACCO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Certainly no foe of human refinement has fought its way through the *smoke* of persistent battle, or chewed the cud of adversity more bravely than tobacco. In early colonial times, when rum was a necessary auxiliary to a decent funeral, tobacco was forbidden by statute in Boston and other towns. Nor must the hatred of the solacing weed be supposed to have been confined to Puritanical districts and prompted by Puritanic fanaticism. It is but comparatively recently that its use has been unrestrictedly tolerated in the larger cities on the Continent. It was only till after the Revolution of 1848 that persons were allowed to smoke on the public streets of Berlin—and the circumstance which is often sarcastically quoted there to the present day, as being the only practical enlargement of liberty that was secured by that bloody folly.

But things have now wonderfully changed. Elaborate articles are now frequently found in first-class magazines, where men of science and observation defend its use as highly beneficial to many organizations. Sir Walter's curiosity is now a daily soother of millions of overtasked nerves and restless brains, and is found in every mouth, from the saintly parson to the Baxter street gutter-snipe, while its triumphant path of victory may be traced on the finest avenues of the metropolis.

Tobacco has proved itself to be a very paying institution to this country. This is accounted for by the illustrious Daniel Pratt on the ground that it is never *insolvent*, but always capable of *liquidation*—a proposition which we will not at present attempt to *es-chew*.

Our venerable Sunday school teacher, while we were as yet a novice in the mysteries and miseries of the weed, once aired himself on a proposition quite as strange as Daniel's. Seeing us approaching the hue of a whited sepulchre, from an unmeasured *nip* which we had taken before coming *from* without into the Bible-class, and which had no practical outlet under the circumstances, he said:—"Young man, there is one argument, which, in itself, is enough to teach you to loathe the use of this vile weed. Look into Nature, and you will see that even the lowest brutes turn away from it in disgust." Some two years after, when we had become better initiated into and enamored of the solacing virtues of the article, we had occasion to try this experiment to our grief. Passing on foot from one of the western wilds of little Rhode Island toward the region of the Narragansetts, we were met face to face by an *airy* Billy goat, certainly one of the most brutish specimens of the Capricornus family. We stood for a moment watching the intelligent features of the brute to the infinite torture of the olfactories. Producing a half plug of this invaluable disinfector, we were about saying our *au revoir*, when we recollected the proposition of our pious Sabbath school teacher. Unwittingly did we present the sweet morsel to the animal's dainty lips, when, with a snap and a bound, he was irrecoverably gone. Imagine our hotly expressed wrath, with twelve miles of rough road before us and "nothing to chew," not to speak of *nothing to eat*. They say an *ass* also possesses this depraved taste, although we have never tried the experiment, except on the two-legged species, and then "invariably with the same results."

But let us now come to the main point of our discourse, viz., the influence of tobacco in developing the *esthetic* element on the Bowery. It is a generally conceded fact among economists that many of *the boys*, in a direct line from the *Herald* office to Harlem, do not possess the requisite *wampum* to enable them to visit the galleries and museums of Europe, but with admirable fortitude and patience are yet content to revel in the beauties of the ever famous Old Bowery gallery, when supplied with a reasonable quantum of the weed.

Let us then, with Ruskin-like eye, saunter up the Bowery and view the divine beauties in front of the various tobacco shops. "Lo, the poor Indian!" See him, clothed in the robes of a "Roman butcher," holding between his Grecian lips the welcome pipe of peace, which nature has bountifully furnished for one penny. And then the irrepressible John Chinaman, whose impressive lineaments escaped the chisel of Phidias, arrayed in the antique garb of the Children of the Sun, holding in his fingers a bunch of clear Havanas; and Sambo, too, is not forgotten, although, perhaps, with a defunct *horn*, characterizing the conflict of races. The chivalric Crichton, as he to-day appears, in the form of *modern shoddy*, will also not escape our admiration, even though his aristocracy were purchased at the price of C. O. D.; to which he was, undoubtedly, no victim, and his costly cigar loses none of its fine flavor by being reproduced *on the slate*.

We might further describe the velocipede girl, the latest edition of the goddess of the soul, with her classic limbs, and on whose soft bosom are inscribed the mortal words, *touch not;* but leaving her and the many other gems of art which lie further up, let us reflect on their invaluable influence in developing the love of the *statuesque*, which even now has become a prominent feature in every thorough culture, and look forward to the time when the god of cavendish and fine cut shall engage as classic chisels as wrought the wonders of the Acropolis.

We shall never forget Captain Brown, who in our early days really baptized us in the use of tobacco. The old captain had received a university education, and although genial and ever entertaining, had become a victim of poverty through excessive love of fishing. He had been a treasurer of one of the largest manufacturing firms in New England, but so great was his passion for fishing that he was often found, in the best business hours, sitting on the cap log catching eels. Being an expert fisherman, and possessing a thorough knowledge of all the fishing grounds, the old captain was often invited by salt boat parties to accompany them as guide and protector, for his knowledge of a sail boat was even greater than of a square rigger. But O, ye gods! the amount of *gravy* which the old man would expectorate while riding on the angry waves and waiting for a bite, was perfectly fearful; and he always made it a point of honor to *spit to windward*.

One day a gentleman who had taken him in a boat for company, after having borne the ordeal to the limit of human endurance, exclaimed, "Captain, who was the author of this abominable habit of chewing?" "Neptune himself," said the captain, as he let go another tremendous squirt to windward. "Well, Captain," replied the gentleman, who could not refrain from smiling, "will you be kind enough to tell Neptune to spit to leeward?"

The good old captain, who has long since found his quietus, suffered much sorrow and adversity before he reached the end of life's inclined plane. In the institution where he was obliged to end his days the use of tobacco was cruelly forbidden, and we are happy to state that exception was made in his case. It is said that he died with a huge cud of his favorite weed in his *bonne bouche*.

There are many bearings and aspects of our subject, moral and financial, of which we will not now write. Regarding its use, we will venture to say that those who have been led to acquire a passion for it are fortunate. But that any amount of moralizing over it will ever allay its consumption, among those who are attached to it, we entirely doubt. Those passions which in themselves are not fruitful of moral wrong, will probably continue to exist as long as preaching itself. If tobacco, as some eminent chemists maintain, counteracts the too rapid metamorphosis of animal tissue, many an overworked American brain will still find in it a source of solace, perhaps of benefit. H. A.

NOTES ON LEGS.—Some enthusiastic Frenchman once declared the human leg to be the most philosophical of all studies. "Show me the eye," he says, "and I will judge the mind;" and it does seem quite natural that the leg should indicate the disposition as the shades of the hair should indicate temperament. What sloth, for instance, does the limb betray! What a screw is the possessor of a limb like a walking stick! But what a gentle woman is she of the arched instep, the round ankle, and the graceful pedestal, swelling to perfection, and modulated to lightness! What dogged obstinacy the stumpy leg with the knotty calf exhibits! What an irresolute soul does the lanky limb betray! How well the strong ankle intimates the firm purpose; how well the flat ankle reveals the vacant mind. Young men about to marry—observe. The dark girl with a large leg will become fat at thirty, and lie abed until mid-day. The brunette, with slender, very slender limbs, will worry your soul—but with jealousy. The olive skinned maid, with the pretty round limb will make you happy. The blonde with the large limbs will degenerate at thirty-five into the possession of a pair of ankles double the natural size, and afflicted with the rheumatism. The fair haired damsel, with thin limbs, will get up at half-past five in the morning to scold the servants, and will spend her nights talking scandal over tea. The little rosy girl with a sturdy, muscular, well turned leg, will be just the girl you want. If you can find a red haired girl, with a large limb, pop the question at once. The short lady should always possess a slender limb; the tall lady should possess a large and ample one. No doubt, these hints are reliable and the prevailing fashions make them quite practical and available.

STAGE GRAMMAR.—Away down south, during the war, there was a strolling company of actors doing a certain blood-and-thunder drama in one of the little dead towns to be found on the line of the main railroad in Georgia. In one of the scenes of a little comedy which preceded the tragedy the lover pulled a rose-bud out of the pocket of his trousers and showed it to his jealous rival, saying:—"I tuck her out to the kerridge, I roped her in and she gin me this as a memento." The effect on a party who heard it was very convulsive. Afterward, though, in the tragedy, this gifted knight of the buskin had occasion, as the Duke, to be approached by a certain "Lord" and informed of the death of the father of the heroine of the tragedy. Upon being told of his friend's death he gulped down a sob and said:—"I knowed it, my lord, and when she died it was appointed her gardeen." The effect may be better imagined than described. An old play-goer, who was present, swore it was the richest thing he had ever heard in his life.

FORCE OF HABIT.—An early settler in Milwaukee, who always professed himself to be "equal to either fortune," was taken so seriously ill that his case admitted no hope of recovery. The physician in charge was desired to communicate this fact to the patient, which he did by saying:—"Mr. ——, it is my duty to tell you that your disease is such that a fatal result is inevitable. I doubt if you can survive through the day." The sick man opened his eyes, inquiringly, and having apparently satisfied himself that no "sell" was intended, growled faintly, "Let her rip!" and thenceforth ceased to articulate.

VALKING UB BROADWAY.--No. 7.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Dis is a nice, good big blace for der Fair, ain'd id Sharley? und yed dey say id ain'd haf big enuff. I vonder how much bigger dey vood like do hafe id. Dere is von ding eerdain, id vill hold as many peeble as vill agree in von biace, und id vill hold a goot many more dan vill gid bremiums. Dalking boud bremiums, Sharley, "reminds me of a leedle jonk," as dot Obberhum Linkum he used to said:—Ub in Chestve-ter Coundy dey had a fair von dime, und ven der dime come to gife oud der bremiums—a couble of days or so pefore der fair glosed—der commiddee found oud dot dey coodn'd gife any oud, cause dey hadn'd come from der brinders yed, und dey vas in a doose of a muss; so dey held a kind of a meedin und dey acreed dot dey vood gife oud a lod of yaller rippons, und dem dot vas ondidled to bremiums cood vear dem in der buddon holes; so ven der dime come almosd eferypody vas going around mit a rippon; s'me for der faddest hog, und some for der biggest bunkin, und so on. Vell, dere vas a olt roosder come to der fair, und some how or oder he valked all der shoe sdrings oud of his shoes, und he vent ub to der hodel und asked der bar-keeper of he knew any biace vere he cood buy a pair of shoe sdrings, und der bar keeper dold him "No," und says "I dell you der oney ding I can do for you is to gife you a couple of segar rippons, und you can die your shoes mit dem—dey vill make you look fancy, doo." So he god dem, und put dem in his shoes, und vent valking round der Fair; und all dese fellers dot had yeller rippons in deir coads vas chealous of him, und dey helt a cork-us und no von cood told vat he hat done to make him ondidled to dwo rippons und dey oney had von; und dey send a commiddee to him, bud dey vas afraid to say anyding do him, und dey come pack und reborded "brogress," und vanded more dime; vile dey vas debading some one said dot dey untershtood dot he had daken der bremium for der biggest feed, und dot seddled id—a bremium for each hoof. Der Crysdal Balace vas der biace for dis bisness. Sharley, und der day id burned I vorked like a Georgia major dryin to ged 2d Engine out. Ve got her so far as der door, und den ve had to stop, cause der hole ding vas comin down. Dot vas a bully fire, und efery von exbecded dot der reseibir vood be burned doo, bud id vasn'd; of dot had tooken fire voodn'd id peen a shame?—all der leedle fishes vood peen burned ub. Dot's a shblended big glass sign dey god ofer der door, und id's someding gay doo—id must look nice ven id is lid ub. Heimbold has god a nice von of dot ofer his shdore in Broadway. I guess dey are goody dere. Ledt's go in. I hafe god der duckets righd here in my hand. Now don'd go runnin all ofer, just as dough you nefer vas any biace pefore—dake dings easy—look all ofer—shcoob id all in—und ven you gid oud you vill know all bound id. Keeb you hands off, und don'd go boking your fingers vere dey don'd belong—you mighd gid dem in a haycudder, und den you vood miss dwo or dree of dem.

Dere's a goot many peebles here, ain'd dere? Sharley, you rememper vat I dold you ven I dook you in der Gold Room, down in New shdreet, don'd you? Vell, keeb your hands on your bockets, of you don'd somepody vill do id for you. Dere is a couple young fellers rigbd dere by dot big case, dey look like gendlemen's sons, bud dey ain'd. I vood like to own as nice a house as dey vood rop of dey god der shance. I tell you dot many of I vanted to, bud I ain'd a "dedeedite," Sharley; I'm in a differend plisness aldogedder. Jiminy belds, der ladies is all oud to day, ain'd dey? und dey are going round chusd like so many leedle budderflies sdicking deir leedle shnoots indo dis case und shmelling of dot, dalking dis young feller oud of a cake of soab, und dot young feller oud of his head und raisin der "old sgradch" generally. I vonder vat ve vood do of id vasn'd for der vommies—I shvan I don'd know, und I know *you* don'd. Vy, Sharley, dis bince vood be all lob-sided, voodn'd id? Ve voodn'd know how to go, unless ve vood go grazy, und den ve voodn'd hafe to go far. No, sir, dot's a unbossibildy; ve coodn'd gid along mit oud der vommens—"Ven ve are bapies, she nurses us; ven ve are boys, she shbanks us, und ven ve are mens, she loafs us und makes us do jusd as she vants us;" dot's vat George Lippard says, und id's so.

Look at dis cit feller mit dat ground mit him—he's dakin id all in, aind he? und he's god der hole family mit him doo—dem fellers dey never go mitoud deir faxily. Ven dey gid home dey vill be der "lions" of der biace for a year to came, cause dey vas "down to York to der Fair." Led's shdand here for a vile und nodice der peeble as dey vent by—I like to do id. I like somedimes do sit down on chusd dake in der differend kinds of noses; dot's a fact, I use to do id by der hour; I bed you, Sharley, dot I can almosd tell a man or a voman's character by deir nose. You dond peleef id bud id is so nefer derelessly. Did you efer see a man goin a-long, und dell der coundry he come from by his valk? Vell, ven you vant to find oud chusd visse a dunc; nod loud, oney so you can hear id; of you dink he is a Irishman, you vissh a Irish dunc; of he's a Yankee, a Yankee dunc; und I'll bed you he keebs shdeb mit id. I hafe dried a dousand dimes, und I nefer knew it to fail yed. Der first nigger dot you see valkin along chusd you vissle der "Sense of Oil-Varginny," und of he dond keeb dime mit id den I'll buy der beer. Dot's so—you needn'd laif.

Leds dook a valk ofer do der biace vere dey hafe der bianos, und ve may hear a leedle mooside of dere is any good blayer-sons around. S. Lockrane Barnum was here; he subs me pooty vell as a blayer, und I vood chusd as leef hear him as any of dem. Dere is a heab of fun in him, doo, I bed you. I use to meed him at "Hose" house, of der old fire debardment dimes. Dem vas bully dimes, Sharley, und dere vasn'd any von dot enchoyed dem any more as me. Dere is so many dings here dot a feller don'd know vich to look at first. Dey are all nice, some is shtill rade und oders shtill vat I vould coaller shod. Dese fairs are a good ding ven dey are on der level, Sharley, ven any you can got a brize dot is ondidled to it, bud ven a man oughd do hafe you und don'd gid id, den id's kind of ruff. Dere is a goot many fery falluable dings here, Sharley, und dey vil be a gread bennyfit to der millions dot didn'd vas born yed. Somedimes some of dese fellers dot invend dings make money oud of id, bud fery seldom; chusd as dey gid id all righd dey die, or are opliged to sold oud or someding, und somepody else gids der bennyfit.

Ven ve come in here firsd off I made ub my mint dot I vood deok you around und show you der differed dings, und oxblain dem do you, bud I hafe done eferyding else. You hafe seen id all, dough, und of you don'd understand id, vy all I hafe god to say is you are dwice so big a fool as I know you are. Leds go ofer to dot soda vater foundain und dake in some soda, and gaviedly vend our vay ub home. Rab yourself ub, Sharley, ids giddin real colt, und der poys vill hafe to build der dusders avay dit next summer. Some of dem fellers down around Vall shdreet vill hafe to vear deirs righd shdraighd along, und of dey vill took my affice dey vill go und hafe dem bainted plack—in der nighd dey vill look like shcecoats, bud dey vond feel dot vay. I cuess ve had bedder took a 24 advance car ub so far as 125d shdreed, und valk ofer—ve vill gid ub gwicker. Der moon is oud shblendid to-nighd, und der shdars shine like diamonds. Id is a shblendid nighd, und id is der kind of veader dot makes a feller feel like a mocking bird cadcher. Id dakes a shmard feller to be von of dot.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

HIRAM GREEN AS UMPIRE.

HE UMPIRES A GAME OF BASE BALL.

His Advice to Aspirants for the Position of Umpire.

If a man wants to be sunk lower than So-lum and Gormorer, let him ackt as Umpire in a base ball match. I've tried it, and I know what I me talkin about—that's so. I was invited to occupy that possishun in a match game atween the "Hunkydories" and the "Ded Beets." Takin my possishun and restin onto a willer club, arter the manner of Umpires, time was called, and the Hunkeys went to the bat, while the Deds sailed forth to the field. Playin was smooth for some time, as no eic se plats was to be decided. I was congratulatin myself that Hiram Green wood distingwish hisself as the only bein which ever preserved his identikle good name arter occupin an Umpire's possishun. I believe as a feller orther, whose name was Shakespeer, uster believe. He rit as follers:—

"What's in a name?
He that steels my purse
Would smell as sweet by any other name,
But he which robs me of my roses
Is its the woman who can bear me,
And I would have been better for its wife's relashuns
If I had married some other woman."

I cote from memory, but I believe I've hit the literal translashun.

On the 5th innings of the Deds a Hunkey boy was on the 3d base, as the batter whiped a fowl ball to the left field. The left fielder, beh on his taps, received the arial shipper atween his digitis, and patted the bisoda into his mussell, he slewed the sky skraper into the pitcher's maulers, who ben hithe and gay, repelled the little monkster 2 the 2d base, stween whom and the man returnin to the base it was nip and tuck, with the odds in favor of the nip.

"O, I!" cries I.

"He bet 10 dollars he stut," cries the Ded's captain.

"Bully boy!" ecksclaimed a Hunkey.

"Yop, the old fool," shouts the friends of the Deds.

"Stick to your text, Square Green," cries the other side.

Up cums the man who was put out, and sorter crowdin peoty close to me, loaned at the mouth like a glass of new beer.

"Tels can't be! oh, no! It's a dream! Me out! Impossible, sir. Me, the best player in the Ded Beets! Ole man, your jokin," says he, crowdin so close as to tred onto my corns.

"Well," says I, "ole hoss, yool find time a putty tuff old joker if you tred onto my corns agin; and all I can say is that you base ballers are shout as big a set of lalypops as can be found this side of Long Branch."

"What's that you say?"

"If I see eny old fool," says I, "goin round respectin what he says, he send him to you," roared I, brandishin a willer club over his head.

By this time argerment was runnin hi. I was hemmed in on all sides. The Ded Beets was bound to ete me up raw, without the benefit of the klergy. My situashun was billious; my plack did not desert me, altho I felt a desire to visit my family, if but to embrace my lovin wife and 11 children. "Oh, why? oh, why did I consent 2 ackt in this posishun?" I cried, and I side for me sweet mountain hum.

Suddenly sumbody hit my white hat and nockt it down onto my spectacuels, which set both winder lites flyin towards the erth, and smasht the glass into morn a million peeces. Then the hul Ded Beet Club plied onto my aged form. Clubs were brandished over my hed; I felt that I was to be sackrifised like a lamb. I was makin up my mind to yield up the gost and pass in my checks, when a shout went up, "Perfecee! Perfecee!"

I was saved, for I beheld a skatterin among the Ded Beets, a tho I was brulsed, with several black eyes and a few broken noses. I was finally sot onto my pins, and I believe I made the liveliest hum run that was made that day.

Ive made up my mind to one thing—that follerin the Umpire bizness for a livin wood be pooty tuff for a sensitive person, as well as bad for the eyes; and to eny ambishus feller whood like to get his name in the noospapers, I wood say—If yoor ambishus in sich a direckshun, don't be Umpire—not if you know yoorself. If you want to see your name in print, stole a lote of bread, run for Congris, write an article on the Stow-Byron scandal or elope with agother man's wife. Take the advice of an old statesman, which has served with such distinckshun as Justice of the Peace for 4 years, and don't go and undertake to be Umpire at a base ball match. For, if you do, yoor wish yood never seen born, and you can jest bet yoor butes on it. Respectfully ewers,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq., Lait Gussice of the Peece.

DOUBT.—Doubt is the vestibule which all must pass before they can enter into the temple of wisdom; therefore, when we are in doubt and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us and which will serve us again. But, if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we have not bought but borrowed it.

EQUINE QUATRAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I sported with the horse with wings,
Whose deeds of fame all can recount
He drinks from Hellconian springs,
And browzes on Parnassus' mount.

O'er hill and dale, through bush and brier,
And through the sea and sky we went;
Imagination a grand desire
Was swiftly caught as time was spent.

Alike, my pleasure has been bound
In noting those material horses
Who strive to win the honors found
In trots on *Fashion*-able courses.

See Flora Temple, conquering come,
Whose measured quadrupedal gait,
Leading the dashing coursers home,
Fell like the quarter strokes of fate.

Then, Lady Thorn, with mighty stride,
Takes place of the retired queen;
And well-earned victories, far and wide,
Have deck'd her 'scutcheon's blazing sheen.

But now a horse the course has trod,
And one whose speed has sorely vexed her—
Pegasus-like, he spurns the clod,
The equine king—the gallant Dexter!

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1869. J. B. L., M. D.

WANTED AN ACTOR;
OR,
THE MANAGER SOLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

An actor of acknowledged ability was lounging one day in solitary mood along the levee of St. Louis. He was in something of a hurry to be gone, for the St. Charles Theatre, in New Orleans, was about to open, where he had secured an engagement to the which he trusted for the replenishment of his purse. Not wishing to be delayed, and having but little time, as it was, he had not made his presence known at official quarters, where the fact of having no personal acquaintances might excuse such seeming discourtesy. But wind and tide were against the expected boat—or it might have been she had *colluded* with a snag; any way, she failed to make her appearance. Presently, as O. strode up and down with folded arms, and an air of preoccupation, another party came upon the levee and took to similar exercise, rubbing his hands and seemingly very fretful and excited. Our probable for, who was fuming in a fit of abstraction, presently fell to muttering the words of his part, gesticulating a trifle, perhaps, as he did so. Stranger Number Two observed the starts, mutterings and apostrophizing, and seemed suddenly illuminated by a happy idea. He was, in fact, as might have been inferred from his Crummels-like air, the manager of the local theatre, which, being in a sinking condition, was anxiously awaiting the arrival of talent to replenish its empty benches. It was two hours after the time table, and no boat. What was to be done? He eyed the stranger in seedy black, who, with coat buttoned to the chin, *a la* Jaffer Jenkins, was still pursuing his walk, spatting his forehead, appealing to the skies with his hand and moaning half audible complaints over adverse fate:—

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!"

As, with this, he stopped suddenly at the muddy water rolling past, Mr. Crummels rushed forward, and, seizing the uplifted hand, exclaimed:—

"Hold! rash man, what would you do?"

"What the devil is that to you?" was the retort uncourteous.

"I—a—I am the manager of the St. Louis Theatre; my name is S——," replied the stout man, somewhat pompously, with his hand in the breast of his waistcoat.

"No! *Be* you the manager?" said O., whose waggish tendencies were rapidly develo,ing themselves.

"I *am* that aggravated and long suffering personage," answered S., who supposed himself to be addressing an amateur, and had seen at once the opportunity for a practical joke, which might create a laugh and put money at the same time in his pocket. "And you, I take it, have not yet yeas been a stranger to these parts."

"O, no—seen a good deal of 'em, I can tell ye. You ough' to see me down in old Waxy Larrup's cellar (Waxy's the shoemaker), where our boys kin go through a whole five-acter like a locomotif ingine through a herd of buffaloes."

"Genius like yours should not hide itself under a bushel. Are you 'up' in anything?"

"Well, I can go Hamlick, and Maccebees, and Skylark, and Richard, and Damon and Pitty-us, and——"

"There, that'll do—enough to last any modern star a lifetime. I'll tell you what it is—I'll give you a night, and you shall give them a touch of Damon and Richard."

"Done!" said O., who, having missed his boat, was ripe for anything.

"Very well; young man, there is fame before you. We shall be just in time for rehearsal."

Without more ado S. locked arms with his victim and "hauled" him to the theatre, where a word or two put the actors on the *qui vive* for fun. The results of the rehearsal, in which the company were kept on the roar by the frequent balks and mistakes of the aspirant, prepared them for large developments. Formidable posters circulated the news throughout the town. The house was crowded. S., with a view to annoying the debutant, had cast for Lucullus and Richmond—himself assuming Damon and Richard, the bill consisting of acts from either drama.

As the play progressed, Damon gradually warmed up the Lucullus scene came on, when he found that Lucullus was, at any rate, posted, for he didn't miss a cue. Audience waiting to see where the laugh came in. The moment of fate arrived. There was breathless silence. S. had exhausted his spleen in heaping epithets upon Lucullus. All at once he grasped him by the collar hand with all his muscle. "Slave!" He hefted Lucullus, but nearly swung himself off his feet with the effort. A brief but exciting scuffle followed, S. panting and perspiring like a bull. Another howl and another stronger pull, which swung Lucullus round so fiercely that he grabbed Damon by the throat, tore his toga half off and made him gyrate like a *ballet* dancer. S. was be d——d if he was going to be bluffed off in that way in his own theatre. He spit on his hands and took another strong "hoit;" this time it was a regular prize fight, for the stupid Lucullus *would not see* that it was his time to be slung off, and S. felt that his own *prestige* was at stake if he did not get the mastery. He was strained in every nerve and about ready to knock under, when, giving a last mighty heave and swell, he was spun from his feet by O., and deposited in the orchestra, directly on top of the drum. Yells, whistling, "go it gaiters!" and great enthusiasm among the audience.

"Never mind!" thought S., as he retired to dress for Richard; "I'll give this prize ox a lesson yet. He don't fence!"

Curtain up for last act of Richard; usual music and marchings, countermarchings; Richmond doing his part to the admiration of pit, gallery, boxes. It had to be owned he looked his part splendidly. Finally, events were centred in the fencing scene. Now S. was a skillful dancer and had counted upon the trouble he would give his Richmond to pay for his discomfiture in the drama. Warily the foes advanced upon each other—thrust and parry, carte, tierce—so! But S. soon found that he had again his match. For a full half hour he was compelled to back and fill, while a terrible glare in the eyes of his adversary set his flesh to tingling. The latter seemed to be mad, but drove poor Richard round and round in fury until, fairly beat, S. threw his sword away and fell on his back from literal sheer exhaustion, while those in front could hear him, as he put aside O.'s perking sword, exclaim:—"Enough! throw up the sponge! I give in!"

As soon as he dressed, S. hurried to the box office. "Give that infernal greenhorn twenty dollars if he comes within hailing distance," sputtered S.; "although I've a devilish good mind to sue him for assault and battery!"

"Greenhorn!" replied the treasurer; "he—I! that's no greenhorn, that's only Tom Oxley, who's been fooling with you!"

ANECDOTES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE "LOW COMEDIAN."

In a heated argument on the "stage" with an old lady fin one of the mountain towns of Pennsylvania), with whom I became acquainted whilst traveling with a company, I was suddenly *nonplussed* by the following:—"Well, if actors are good and virtuous people, what do they want with that *green room?*" Of course she did not have the slightest idea of the use of such a commodity.

One day in Marshall, Ind., I met a man apparently well educated, who appeared to coincide with every idea advanced by me. I spoke of opera, and he pumped my opinion for the amusement, and also spoke of the beautiful music. He interrupted me with—"Well, you may talk about your *operas*, but they can't compare with a *circus* nohow." Suffice it to say that I have never "talked opera" since.

One of the oldest and most thorough actors was L——. He would travel from town to town without a cent. At the end of the season the actor's breast had been much ruffled by "attachments" and sheriffs. However, he managed to "ride the town" and open in the next, "Lucretia Borgia" being his opening piece, in which L—— impersonated the character of Jeppo. In the last act Jeppo lifts the *cowl* from the *monk's* head. It appears the sheriff of R—— had followed him. L—— carried out his "business" of the character of Jeppo till the lifting of the cowl, when, to his horror and surprise, he beheld not his "property man" but the sheriff. He exclaimed:—"The sheriff of R——, by all that's damnable." The curtain dropped, L—— made good his escape, and so ended the tragedy.

There is a western manager named C——, who travels with three or four people, and plays all of Shake-peare's tragedies. The people laugh at the performance from beginning to end, when C—— will rush before the curtain and speak the following:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time that I was aware that 'Richard the Third' is a *farce*. I compute it to your *ignorance*, however, as the people of this town are the most *ignorant* and *mean* of any I have ever seen." Surprising to relate—the house would be crowded the next night.

Jacob Hensling worked for Judge A——, of Dekalb County, Illinois. Jake was fearfully Dutch. One night he committed the greatest folly of his life—*he went and got "spliced."* The next day the judge was continually asking about Jake's "matrimonial experience." At first he was very reluctant. "Shudge, I vas told dot to no live man. Well, Katerine and I vas married; I told dot to no live man. Ve vas dance so greater as much dot Katerine vas got tired. Den ve vas valked out mit de garding. Katerine vas say, 'Yacob, I vas as liddle as too much tired.' I told you now vat I told no live man. Vell, say I, you go und got to sleep mit your eyes. Den she vas goes up dem steps mit de ped. Vell so soon as it vas a long dime, I vas got tired. Den I go up mit dem ped on dot step. I got de ped in ruit mineself, on go to sleeps. Burdy soon I vas asleep mit mine eyes. Den Katerine vas vake up pand say:—vell, I told you now vat I told no live man. She say, 'Yacob, I vas not like to sleep mit de hindt side. I vas radder sleep mit de pefore side.' Den I roles ober unt go mit dot sleep wonst more, again, rite away. I told you now vat I told no live man. Burdy soon she vas poke me mit her helbow unt say, 'Yacob, I pee's not like to sleep on de pefore side, I vould radder sleep mit de hindt side.' I told you now vat I told no live man. Vell, I roles ober wonst more, again, unt sleeps mine eyes shut. Burdy soon I veals her helbow in mine side unt she says, 'Yacob, I pee's not like to sleep mit de hindt side, I vould radder sleep mit de pefore side.' I told you now vat I told no live man. Vell I roles dree dimes wonst more, again, ven she vas squeeze me some liddle pit, und den she vas—— Jacob, by this time, had grown fearfully excited, and the Judge very anxiously awaited for the *denouement*, when Jacob hurriedly exclaimed:—"Vell vat happen after dot, *I vas neber told no live man.*"

MY BOY TED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE MODEST QUENCHER.

My boy Ted is a promising youth—rather too promising for his years, I'm afraid—in his element only when up to some mischief. He causes his respected parents no little trouble. Among his other accomplishments he has acquired a knowledge of a choice set of slang expressions, which bother me considerably. Now, for instance, he came running in to me the other day, with a new hat, and asked me if I didn't think his "tile" was "nifty." Now, I was perfectly ignorant of the true meaning of these expressions; but not wishing to display such a fearful state of ignorance before my own boy, I mildly ventured to reply that it certainly did look rather "nifty." He was pleased with the reply, and I was felicitating myself on the happy manner in which I had answered, when he further mystified me by observing that if ever I needed a new "roof," I had better "scoop in" his hatter's store, whose "nobby" style, he averred, completely "bild over" that of any other place. This simple advice I promised faithfully to follow and he went out.

He soon came back, however, with a very ingubrious expression indeed and gave me to understand that his "fellers" had insisted upon having the hat "wet," which little arrangement would involve the purchase of considerable soda-water; and as he hadn't any "soap" he felt rather "off color" about it. However, he coolly observed that he could be easily prevailed upon to accept a donation of twenty-five cents and thus make everything "snuggy." Having a great desire to see everything made "snuggy," I paid over the quarter, which he examined very minutely, saying that it was well to be careful, as I might attempt to "shove the queer" on him. Satisfying himself that the stamp wasn't "queer," he pronounced me a "good old coon;" danced a few steps, finishing by a "domino" on my toes; shouted "O'Rewar," and ran out to his "fellers."

It must not be supposed that Ted has no good qualities. I am glad to say that he is ambitious. This ambition, at the present time, is limited to the successful accomplishment of two things, *i. e.*, to play the banjo and to be able to "sass" a policeman. Also, is he ambitious in a literary point of view, as the following composition will show:—

"BEER.—Beer is a very good thing. There is nothing better than a glass of beer, except another glass. Sum fellers, after they drink 14 glasses, sez poney; sum fellers sez poney after 2 glasses: a German man never sez poney! It is a easy thing to learn how to drink beer. They put sum froth on top of it; you must first spill this all over the man's counter and floor, and then bunk glasses and say 'Here goes,' or 'I'm lookin at yer,' and then you drink it, smack your jaws and swear, and say, 'Less hav another,' and you feel bully. Gals don't like beer cos they're a scared they'll git drunk. I wouldn't be a gal. If you drink 29 glasses a day you will get a big belly and know how to talk German pretty good. Beer glasses is good in a muss."

When I first read this production I was a little overpowered; but I was very considerably overpowered when he said that I must immediately go to publishing it in a leading paper; adding that he was already engaged on a companion sketch entitled "Bock Bier." He also threatened, that if I didn't act in the matter, he would immediately proceed to leave the house, never to return, as Bill Nuggs, the coachman—a particular friend of his—had that very morning offered him a first class position as second assistant in his stable. Thus does he torment me. In kite time he is particularly fearful. Then comes the wholesale destruction of my favorite papers and a grand slitting up of shirts, old and new. He once organized a military "company," of which he elected himself captain, and the very devil himself couldn't keep that regiment from practising their manœuvres in the parlor, and making a charming fort out of the piano.

On the occasion of their first parade, he made the very modest request that ma should don short clothes, sling a small keg around her neck and drum for recruits here, and also wished to know if I wouldn't get a drum—seeing as there was no money in the treasury to hire a drummer—and play them around. As a proof of his forwardness and enterprise, I will mention the significant fact that when the "company" came home that night Ted was donated with, and in full possession of, each and every prize.

One morning in day as I was quietly reading and began by confidentially informing me that he proposed attending a party that night, with a charming little blonde, aged five. He gave me an animated picture of her charms and stated that she was particularly fine as a waltzer, and that he, although not much behind in a waltz, felt rather nervous at the prospect of dancing with her; therefore he had concluded to practice dancing that very afternoon, and finished his story by requesting me, as a particular favor, to get up and act as his partner.

This modest request was rather stunning, as I was anything but a dancer, but, not wishing my boy to appear in a ridiculous light by his want of practice, I resolved to do the best I could. So I arose, not without many misgivings. Ted immediately whistled the "Maud," grabbed me around the legs, and in one short minute we were whirling around the room at a very fearful rate indeed. In vain I urged him to stop and rest. My head grew dizzy, my legs shaky and the perspiration rolled from me in torrents. I was also conscious of the fact that we were upsetting chairs and tables in a very successful manner. But, despite all my appeals, Ted kept on, only stopping his whistling long enough to inform me that he meant to do justice to that blonde, at any cost. Finally, after having slung me around to the top of his bent, he let go my legs and allowed me to sink on a sofa, remarking, at the same time, that I couldn't dance worth speaking of, and he passed from jocularity to insolence when he compared my gracefulness to that of that exceedingly nimble animal, *i. e.*, the Rhinoceros.

He put in an appearance yesterday in a very pitiable condition. His little nose was covered with dirt and blood and his eyes were effectually "bunged up." I asked him how he happened in such a condition; without deigning to reply to so frivolous a question, he turned up his dirty face and significantly offered to bet me four cents that that "feller" wouldn't bother him again in a hurry, not very much!

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Spivins Discourseth on the Degeneration of the Drama---Rose Water Theatricals.

MISTER FRANK QUEEN.—SIR.—I hev jest made a diskovery. We are in the middest of alterin and altered times. Tawkin ony yisterday with my ole fren Tony Truncheon, oo as witnessd the warious fluctooashons o the drammy in all its rammificcashons, and oo, althof e is a proppaty man by perfeshon, isn't got much proppaty to boast of—is owses bein canwass baggin and his bullion block tin, and is werry guns and blundabusters made o paper-mashy. There's nothink whatsomever like a pot o arf-an-arf for retreshin the memory and bringing back of the ole time

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

KATY DID.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I pressed her to my beating heart,
And on her crimson cheek
I printed the most loving kiss
I'd given for many a week;
I told her how I loved her,
How I'd treat her like a prince,
And some other foolish nonsense
That I have forgotten since.

I vowed I loved no other,
That my heart was her's alone,
And implored in words of passion
That she would become my own.
And whisp'rings soft were borne along
Upon the balmy air,
But still there came no answer
From those lips so sweet and fair.

I swore I ne'er had loved before
I worshipped at her shrine;
And begged, in tender accents,
That she'd promise to be mine.
She sweetly cast her eyelids down,
Then whispered soft and low,
To my utter consternation,
"I guess not! Not for Joe!"

W. H. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is a good tune most relished? When it's opportune.

WHAT commodity is always afforded at cost? The law.

WHAT do we often drop, yet never stop to pick up? A hint.

WHY is life the riddle of riddles? Because we must give it up.

WHEN is a ship like a counterfeit? When she forges a-head.

WHEN do your teeth usurp the functions of the tongue? When they are chattering.

WHY does the atmosphere of a dungeon resemble a great philosopher? Because it is a vault air (Voltaire).

WHY are the collectors of customs very worthy citizens? Because they pay particular attention to their duties.

BREVITIES.

THE eyes are the hands of curiosity.

THERE are graves no time can close.

WE ask advice, but we mean approbation.

RESPECT is the truest homage of the heart.

THE foot of the owner is the best manure for his land.

MEN of intuition produce facts, but cannot recollect facts.

THE remembrances of past happiness are the wrinkles of the soul.

MAN should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbor.

BEAUTY without kindness dies unenjoyed and undelighting.

THE use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

HAPPINESS.—The moon for which the world is always crying.

"THE more the merrier." Not so, one hand is enough, in a purse.

"NOTHING but has an end." Not so, a ring has none, for it is round.

"MONEY is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the jail.

THERE are few women whose merits do not last longer than their beauty.

PREFER loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this for ever.

THERE is but one university in life and that is where the heart is educated.

WE carry our neighbor's crimes in sight and throw our own over our shoulders.

ONE had better be cheated agreeably than pass one's life in watching not to be cheated.

IF your means suit not with your ends, pursue those ends which suit with your means.

A NOBLE heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

PUTTING a *stop* to a woman's tongue is said to be "a difficult punctuation."

SHERIDAN, being asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

VIRTUE, though in rags, may challenge more than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.

ACCUSATION is not proof and committal is not conviction, as many a worthy fellow has found reason to know.

HABIT is the garment of slavery when given us by society; it is the garment of freedom when woven by ourselves.

THE greatest effort of friendship is not to bear the faults of our friends, but to pardon the superiority of their talents.

WHEN charity walks into the lowest places of want, we see the beautiful purity of her robes most distinctly.

A HUNGARIAN, desiring to remark on the domestic habits of a young lady, said:—"Oh, miss, how homely you are!"

SMILES.—A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

FASHIONABLE young lady detaching her hair before retiring—"What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil?"

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases. Red paint, which is a great improvement on the looks of old houses, is but an injury to the cheeks of young ladies.

"YOU have only yourself to please," said a married man to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

"MOTHER," said Jemima, "Sam wants to come courting me to-night." "Well, what did you tell him?" "O, I told him he might come. I felt anxious to see how he would act."

MERRY MOMENTS.

PHYSIC.—One of our well known physicians, while conversing with a friend one day, observed another physician driving past in his chaise, accompanied by one of his patients, who was fast recovering. "Well," said Dr. B., "I never take a patient to ride in my life." "No," said our friend; "Mr. Pierce, the undertaker, saves you the trouble."

TO THE POINT.—Here is the speech of acceptance, reported *verbatim*, of a Democratic candidate for sheriff in Wisconsin:—"Gentlemen—I have served you as sheriff one term. I regard this nomination as an endorsement of my official conduct. I cannot make a speech or preach, but when this convention is over we will all go down to Peter Rupp's and take a drink."

A NOVEL ADDRESS.—A Swedish Ambassador to France, a famous dandy and warrior, on being presented to Louis XIV., entirely forgot his congratulatory address. Nothing daunted, however, he boldly repeated the Lutheran Catechism, greatly to the consternation of his companions, but apparently to the edification of his Most Christian Majesty, who, not understanding a word of Swedish, listened with dignified attention and then satisfactorily and courteously responded.

HOW HE CAME TO DEF.—The following is the verdict of a negro jury:—"We, de undersigned, bein' a Koroner's jury to sit on de body ob de nigger, Sam'o, now done dead a stone afore us, hab been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, and find dat de same did, on de night of fourteenth of November, come to def by fallin' from de bridge ober de riber in de said riber and brokin his neck, where we find he was subsequently drown and arterwards washed to de riber side, whar we suppose he w. s froze to def."

CAUGHT A FLEA IN HIS EAR.—Alfonzo Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the times of Charles V, was a great coxcomb. He was once punished by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took the liberty to make love in a rude, but pithy manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and, heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture:—"If it is not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you!"

AN "ARKANSAS FLUSH."—In addressing a jury in South Carolina, an ex-governor, who is something of a wag, stated that the plaintiff was playing at a game of "bluff," and, that although he had not so much as a "pair of deuces" in his hand, he bragged as if he had an "Arkansas flush" (three Jacks and a bowie-knife). The counsel opposed in replying to this technical allusion, said:—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is evident that the Arkansas hand is held by the defendant. You can see that the witness, N——, is equal to a two-edged bowie-knife, and every one knows that Governor —— is equal to more than three knaves."

THE BLOOD ATONEMENT.—A Gentile of Salt Lake City, who married a Mormon wife, while expressing a contempt for polygamy, announced his dislike of the "blood atonement," which he thus describes:—"Well, these fellows get a grudge against a man, and they make out that he's done something he can't atone for except with blood, and then some of the elders have a revelation that the man's got to get out of the way and they go for him. 'Taln't no use then. These revelations do the business for him. Man's found dead, throat cut, or something of that sort, and that's the last of it. Nobody knows anything about it, and if you catch 'em at it 'taln't no use—they all stand by each other."

BLACK JOHN.—A tale is told of him that, one day, after he had for some time amused his guests, and had drank his full share of ale, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. On a sudden he started up with a loud and terrific cry. Questioned as to the cause of his alarm he answered:—"Oh, sir," to his master, "I was in a sog (sleep) and had such a dreadful dream. I thought I was dead and I went where the wicked people go." "Ha, John," said Arscott of Tetcott, in his grim voice, wide awake for a jest or a tale, "then tell us all about what you heard and saw." "Well, master, nothing particular." "Indeed, John!" "No, sir; things were going on just as they do upon earth —here in Tetcott Hall—the gentlefolks nearest the fire."

Twenty Years from Then.

Billy Ross, a temperance lecturer at Rushville, Ill., was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said:—"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them; your fathers, do they not?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me, did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon door, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!"

Billy was thunderstruck for a moment, but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XL.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM No. CLXXXI.

WHITE.—King at Q B 4; Bishop at K Kt 4; Kt at Q 5; Pawns at Q 4, K B 4, and K Kt 3d.

BLACK.—King at his 5; Pawn at K Kt 3d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Unsound.—Lowenthal. There are four ways of commencing operations! Problems of this kind, which may be called *D'Orvillion*, are nothing if not accurately rendered. It may be set down as a rule that a problem which is not worth *finishing* is not worth commencing.

PROBLEM No. CLXXXII.

WHITE.—King at Q 7; Queen at her Kt 2; Knight at K 4; Pawn at Q 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q 4; Queen at K Kt 8; Knight at K R 6; Pawns at Q Kt 3, Q 3, K B 3, and K Kt 5th.

White mates in five moves.

In solving this problem a resemblance may be traced to the concluding moves of "The Charm" (Frontispiece), and to its predecessor as found in 'Alexandre." (These positions were given at the outset of these papers.—ED CLIP.)

PROBLEM No. CLXXXIII.

WHITE.—King at his R 7; Queen at K B 7; Knights at Q B sq, and K R 4; Pawn at Q 2.

BLACK.—King at his 5; Rook at Q Kt 3; Bishop at K B 5; Pawns at Q 6, K 4, and K R 3d.

White mates in five moves.

Imperfect—If, as given, Black play 3...B to B 5th, White plays 4..K × P, *or* 4..K to R 7. Compare with this problem No. 127.

PROBLEM No. CLXXXIV.

This is the 'summing up' of a large number of problems in this collection; as may also be remarked of No. 180.

PROBLEM No. CLXXXV.

WHITE.—King at his 7; Queen at her B 2; Rook at Q B 7; Knights at K 5, and K B 2; Pawn at K B 3d.

BLACK.—King at his 4; Queen at her R sq; Rook at Q R 4; Knights at Q 5, and K B 5; Pawn at K B 4th.

White mates in five moves.

Unsound.—Lowenthal gives a solution in three moves, *e. g.*:—1..Kt to Kt 4, P × Kt; 2..Kt × P +; and 3..R mates. The author proposed for an amendment the addition of a Black Bishop at K sq; but this is a greater blunder than the oversight of the simple 5-move solution, for White has now left *two* ways of mating on the 3d move, viz., 3..Q to her 8 4, *or* 3..Q to K 4. Besides the 3-move sol. given by Herr L., there is another in the same number, which answers either with or without the supposed correction, viz.:—1..Kt to Q B 4 +, K to Q 4. 2..Q to K 4 +, P × Q; 3..P × P, mate. Had it not been that the author's attention has been called to the fanciness of this problem it would have seemed that the intended position of the Black Queen were at Q B 3d, instead of Q R sq. This change appears to render everything perfect. With this design compare Nos. 54, 90, 173, and others.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ELSON-WHITEMAN.—This match is now ended, Mr. W. having won the stipulated seven games, losing but one and having three drawn. *De gustibus*, etc., and a man in contesting a serious match has a right to be untrammelled and, perhaps, uncriticised in the openings he adopts; but we cannot forbear remarking that Mr. Elson has shown a queer taste, amounting almost to a temporary hallucination, in selecting and clinging to an *outre debut* from which little interest, or use of any sort is to be expected, and from which, as the event proved, one may with uncommon ease fall into mischief. Mr. Whiteman has now placed himself decidedly second on the list of Philadelphia's champions, and some day when he feels strong and confident will, doubtless, challenge Mr. Reichelm for the chess primacy.

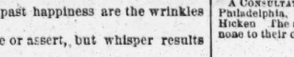
THE NORTH GERMAN CHESS CONGRESS, at Hamburg, recently ended by Prof. Andersen's winning the first prize, and Herr Louis Paulsen the second.

A CONSULTATION MATCH is in progress in the German C. C., of Philadelphia, Messrs Haskins and Huch *vs.* Roberts, Keuss and Hicken The score, at last advices, stood two to the two Hs.'s respective opponents, and one draw.

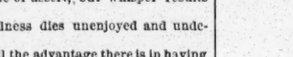
Enigma No. 694.

From American Chess Nuts.

BY D. JULIEN.



at K R sq, Q Kt 4, and 7, Q R 8, K 3, Q R 7th.



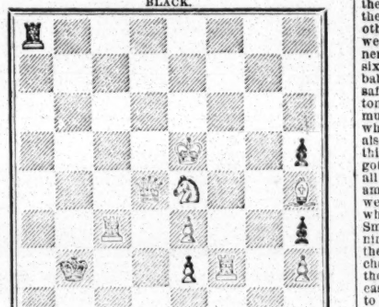
at Q B 3d, at Q Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate with the K B in eight moves, without moving it.

Problem No. 694.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

In how many moves can White compel suimate, without capturing the Rook?

Game No. 694.

The well contested 6th *partie* of the Elson-Whiteman match. The 4th, a "Hollandish Opening," was not well opened by Mr. Elson, and only recorded to the 12th move.—*Bulletin.*

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack. Mr. Whiteman.	Defence. Mr. Elson.	Attack. Mr. Whiteman.	Defence. Mr. Elson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	19..Kt to Q B 3	K Kt × R sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20..Q-K B 3	Q-K Kt 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	21..K R-K 3	K R × R
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	22..Q × K R	Q B-Q 2
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	23..Q-Kt 6	Q × Q
6..Castles	P-Q 3(a)	24..B P × Q	Q R-K sq
7..B P × P	K B-Kt 5	25..Q R-Q sq	K-his B sq
8..P-K R 3	K B-K 3	26..K-his B 2	Q R-K 4
9..Q Kt-B 3	Castles	27..Q R-Q 4	K-his 2
10..Q B-K 3	K Kt × P	28..P-Q 6 +(b)	B P × P
11..Q Kt × Kt	P-Q 4	29..Kt-Q 5 +	K-his 3
12..K B × P	Q × K R	30..Kt × K P(c)	R-Q Kt 4
13..Q Kt-B 3	Q-K R 4	31..P-K 4 +(c)	Q R-K 4
14..P-Q 5	Q Kt-K 4	32..Q R-Q 4	B-Q Kt 4
15..K Kt × Kt	Q × K Kt	33..Kt-Q B 4	R-K B 4 +
16..K R-his sq	Q-K B 3	34..K-home	P-Q 4
17..Q-K R 3	Q B-B 4	35..Q Kt-K 3	Q R-K 4
18..Q B × B	B P × B	36..K-Q 2	K-Q 3, and the game was declared a draw.

(*a*) 6..Q 2d P × P would be rash, attended with danger, as the Attack might at once play Q to her 5, etc.

(*b*) The game is now drawn, past all doubt.

(*c*) This is better than R to Q Kt 4.

A game defended and won "with consummate ability."—*Bell's Life.*

FALKBEER COUNTER-GAMBIT.

Prof. Andersen.	Herr Zukertort.	Prof. Andersen.	Herr Zukertort.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..Q R to Q 3	Q to her B 5
2..P-K B 4	P-Q 4	18..K R-sq	K R-K 5
3..K P × P	P-K 5	19..Q-home	K R-K sq
4..K B-Kt 5 +	Q B 3	20..K-his B 3	K Kt-Q 4
5..Q 2d P × P	Q Kt × P	21..Q B-home	Kt-Q B 6(e)
6..P-Q 4	Kt-K B 3	22..Q-her 4	R-K R 7
7..P-K B 3(d)	Q-her R 4 +	23..K-Kt sq	Q-her 4 +
8..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 5	24..K-Kt 4	R × Kt P +
9..Q B-Q 2	Kt-K 6	25..Q R-Kt 3	Q R-K 7
10..K B × Kt +	K P × B	26..K R-Kt sq	P-K B 4 +
11..Q B × P	K B × Kt +	27..K-his Kt 4	Q-home +
12..Kt P × B	Q × B 2d P +	28..K R-Kt 5	P-K R 3
13..K-his B 2	Q B-R 3	29..Q-her B 4 +	K-his R 2
14..K Kt-K 2	Q B × Kt	30..Q-K B 7	R P × P +
15..Q × Q B	Castles, K R	31..K-his R 5	Kt 2d P × P
16..Q R-Q sq	K R-K sq	32..B × B 2d P	R-K 2, and the Defence wins.

(*d*) Losing time, and enabling Herr Z. to develop h's game.

(*e*) The beginning of a very fine combination.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 26.—Vol. XVII.

BETWEEN MESSRS. MORROW AND PARKER.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Morrow.	White. Parker.	Black. Morrow.	White. Parker.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	15..9 to 18	28 to 24
2..15 " 22	25 " 18	17..7 " 27	32 " 14
3..12 " 16	29 " 25	18..1 " 5	14 " 10
4..16 " 20	25 " 22	19..6 " 10	10 " 1
5..8 " 12	18 " 15	20..11 " 18	1 " 6
6..11 " 19	24 " 15	21..18 " 24(d)	6 " 10
7..4 " 8	21 " 17	22..22 " 25	31 " 26
8..7 " 11(a)	23 " 19	23..45 " 29	26 " 23
9..9 " 14	17 " 13	24..3 " 8	23 " 18
10..14 " 18	22 " 17	25..29 " 25	25 " 14
11..18 " 22	27 " 23(b)	26..25 " 22	18 " 14
12..5 " 9	23 " 18	27..22 " 17	14 " 10
13..15 " 14(c)	17 " 10	28..17 " 14	10 " 7
14..2 " 7	26 " 17	29..5 " 9(e)	13 " 6
15..7 " 11	18 " 14	30..14 " 17	7 " 3

White wins.

(*a*) Stronger than 7 to 11.

(*b*) Thorough ably "mixed" for a Single Corner game.

(*c*) After making this move Black can only hope to draw.

(*d*) 3 to 7 or 3 to 8 is better. (*e*) A hard struggle, but of no use.

Solution of Position No. 49.—Vol. XVII.

BY D. O'BRIEN.

White.	Black.
18 to 4	2..3 to 8, and wins.
Black. 1..11 to 15	

Solution of Position No. 50.—Vol. XVII.

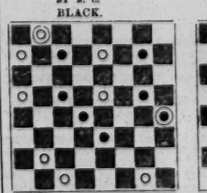
BY M. WARDELL.

White.	Black.
27 to 10	5..18 to 14, and wins.
29 " 11	
Black. 1..28 to 24 2..11 " 16	

Position No. 51.—Vol. 17.

BY R. C.

BLACK.



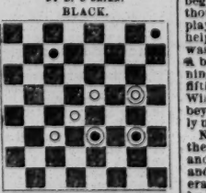
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 52. Vol. 17.

BY D. O'BRIEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

WALK AGAINST TIME.

—David Cahill, who keeps a saloon in Paterson, N. J., walked from there to Washington street, Hoboken—a distance of about sixteen miles—in 2 hours, 22 minutes and 30 seconds on the 26th inst., upon a wager that he could not accomplish the task in 2 hours and 30 minutes. His only preliminary work consisted of a walk of four or five miles on the 24th, and the time made is very good, indeed, especially as a portion of the route was very muddy and slippery.

"THE SPORTING YEAR BOOK" is the title of an annual register of sporting matters in Canada, to be issued in December. It is to contain the revised rules governing the various sports and a register of sporting events in the Dominion of Canada for 1869, together with other interesting information. For further particulars read card in another column.

A CYNICAL man insists that the fewer relations or friends we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you, in your prosperity they always help themselves.

BASE BALL.

ATLANTIC vs. MUTUAL.

The final game of this series came off at the Union ground on the 26th, in the presence of a crowd numbering 3,000 spectators. The first game was decided on the sixth innings, in a rain storm, the score standing 2 to 1 in favor of the Atlantics; the second terminated in the success of the Mutuals, in a remarkably well played game, with the score 12 to 5, and the third (the present contest) was won by the Atlantics, with the totals 13 to 10. Of late years the meetings between the representative clubs of New York and Brooklyn have always resulted in close contests. The game under consideration was no exception to the general rule, as far as the closeness of the score, but, contrary to the general expectation, it was not so well contested as usual by the Mutuals, and terminated very unsatisfactorily to the friends of the latter club. They outbatted their opponents from the start, but were, in turn, outfielded and beaten. The glaring errors made by E. Mills, at first base, helped along as he was by Carleton, Flanly, Hatfield and C. Mills, by muffs and wild throws, gave the Atlantics 11 of the 13 runs they are credited with. While they failed to hit Woiters effectively, the Atlantics fielded in their handsomest style, the errors made by them being lost sight of in the many brilliant plays.

The day was over-clouded and betokened a storm, but, with the exception of a little flurry of snow, which did not interfere with the game, the afternoon was as well suited for play as could be expected at this season of the year. Both nines were on the ground early and the game was started promptly at the advertised hour. The Mutuals were successful in the toss, and at precisely 2.30 Dick Pearce walked up to the home plate. Pretty soon he hit a sharp grounder near Flanly, which the latter failed to get hold of; Smith followed suit, and there should have been a double play, but again Flanly was at fault; Pearce tried to steal third while Start was at the bat, but was nicely caught by C. Mills' throw to Hatfield; Start drove a grounder to Carleton, who threw to Flanly, forcing Smith out—the batter finally working round and getting home; Chapman was third out on a fly catch to Hatfield.....The first three strikers were no sooner up than they were out, Ferguson catching Hatfield on a foul, and E. Mills and Flanly being put out at first base. Ferguson opened the second innings by a sharp stroke over second base; C. Hunt gave Carleton a chance to throw him out, but the latter threw wild to E. Mills; Zettlein fouled out to Hatfield; Pike was caught by C. Mills; McDonald carried the ball back of first base, sending the previous strikers home, but was left, as Pearce batted the ball into Wolters' hands, who threw to Mills—two more runs when there should have been a blank.... The Mutuals woke up in this innings, and put themselves on even terms. C. Mills, Eggler and Gedney all made splendid hits and scored. The outs were Swandel on a fly to Hunt, and Carleton and Wolters at first base.

Somewhat encouraged by this pull up, the Mutuals improved in their fielding in the third innings, and, giving the Atlantics a whitewash, scored two runs and took the lead. Smith led off, and was fired very prettily by Eggler; Start earned his base, but was left, as Chapman and Ferguson were both fielded out at first base by Carleton..... Hatfield fouled to Ferguson; E. Mills drove a grounder near first base, which Start stopped, but not in time; C. Mills sent a daisy cutter to right field; Swandel gave Start a chance on a foul fly and retired; Eggler made another handsome hit, sending Flanly home amid considerable excitement over the score, also to C. Mills, as Gedney, hitting at one of Zettlein's "slows," popped it up near Start, who nipped it. This left the score 5 to 3, with the Mutuals ahead, and their friends, who had been taking the odds, felt somewhat elated. The fourth innings resulted in a score of 4 for the Atlantics, when there should have been another blank. The fielding of E. Mills was wretched, he having several chances of putting the side out, but losing all of them. The Mutuals, although somewhat set back by this unexpected display at the hands of one of their most reliable players, went pluckily to the bat, determined to make up for their mishaps in the field by doing some old-fashioned batting. This they succeeded in doing, Wolters, Hatfield and E. Mills, Swandel and C. Mills all making sparkling hits, and all scoring but the latter, who was forced out at second by Eggler's hit. The other outs were Carleton on a short fly to Smith, and Flanly from Pearce to Start.

Again the Mutuals had the lead, and once more their friends breathed freer and eagerly accepted the odds offered. It was seen that the Atlantics were not batting in their usual style, and although they had made seven runs they had not entered a single one. The Mutuals, on the other hand, had batted Zettlein freely, and the chances were that, if they could equal the fielding of their opponents, they must certainly win. Ferguson led off in the sixth innings, hitting to Hatfield, but Johnny muffed the ball, and in turn E. Mills muffed it; Hunt carried the ball safely to right field; Zettlein drove a grounder to Carleton, who threw to Mills, and again the ball was dropped—much to the disgust of the spectators—at least those who wanted to see the Mutuals win; Pike was also favored by E. Mills, but was forced out at third on Pearce's hit, McDonald having, in the meantime, got his base on a dropped fly ball by Carleton. During all this loose playing the greatest excitement prevailed among the spectators, as it was seen that the Mutuals were losing the game through their bad playing. Pearce, who had forced out Pike, was, in turn, forced out by Smith, who hit to Hatfield; Start closed the eventful innings by going out on a long, showy hit to centre field—the catch by Eggler being a surprising one and eliciting cheer after cheer. The result of the last innings was thoroughly disheartening to the Mutuals, and they were easily disposed of for a blank score, leaving the totals 10 to 9.

There was still a chance for the Mutuals, and they endeavored to take advantage of it. To this end they improved in their fielding to such an extent that the Atlantics were unable to add more runs to their score. But their adversaries were equally sharp in their fielding, and kept the Mutuals down to one run. The final totals, as stated above, were 13 to 10.

Without exception, this was the poorest game the Mutuals have played in many a year. They made a total of over twenty errors, all of which were most damaging to them. Although the Atlantics can credit with having earned their first base eleven times, they would not have made more than two runs if every chance offered to the fielders had been taken. In speaking of the poor play, we must except Eggler, who caught five flies in style, and Swandel and Gedney. Of the Atlantics, one and all fielded right up to the highest standard. Zettlein displayed more headwork than usual in pitching, and baffled the Mutuals with "slows" quite a number of times. C. Hunt, who has taken Crane's place in the nine for the balance of the season, fielded handsomely. Start's play at first base was as good as he ever exhibited, and was in striking contrast to that of E. Mills. Ferguson caught prettily, and watched the bases so sharply that very few Mutuals were enabled to steal round. The following full summary will give all other particulars of the game:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	B.	1ST B.	T.	MUTUAL.	H.L.	B.	1ST B.	T.
Pearce, s.s	6	0	0	0	Hatfield, 2d b	3	1	1	1
Smith, 3d b	4	0	0	0	E. Mills, 1st b	2	2	2	2
Start, 1st b	3	2	2	2	Flanly, 2d b	4	1	1	1
Chapman, l f	3	2	2	2	C. Mills, c	3	2	3	3
Ferguson, c	3	3	1	1	Swandel, l f	4	0	1	1
Hunt, c f	1	3	2	2	Eggler, c f	3	1	2	2
Zettlein, p	3	0	0	0	Gedney, r f	3	1	2	2
Pike, 2d b	3	1	1	1	Carleton, s.s	3	0	1	1
McDonald, r f	2	1	1	1	Wolters, p	4	2	2	2
Totals	27	13	10	10	Totals	27	10	14	17

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	1	2	0	4	3	1	0	2	0—13
Mutual	0	3	2	0	4	0	1	0	0—10

Fly catches—Smith, 1; Start, 3; Chapman, 1; Hunt, 2; Pike, 1; McDonald, 1—9. Hatfield 2; C. Mills, 2; Swandel, 1; Eggler, 5; Gedney, 1—11. Foul bound catches—Ferguson, 4; Zettlein, 1—5. C. Mills, 1. Left on bases—Smith, 2; Start, 2; Hunt, 1; Pike, 1; McDonald, 1—8. Hatfield 1; E. Mills, 1; Mills, 1; Swandel, 1; Eggler, 1; Carleton, 1—6. Out on fouls—Atlantic, 4; Mutual, 6. Base hits—Put out by Start 9; Pike, 3; Smith, 1—13. Assisted by Pearce 4; Start, 5; Smith, 2; Ferguson, 1—12. Struck out by E. Mills, 10; Flanley, 1; Hatfield, 2—13. Assisted by Hatfield, 3; Flanly, 4; Carleton, 5; Wolters, 2; C. Mills, 1. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Porter. Umpire—Mr. Tracey, of the Eckford Club. Time of game—One hour and forty minutes.

STAR vs. CHAMPION.

STRUGGLE FOR THE AMATEUR PENNANT—THE STARS VICTORIOUS.

The third and deciding game for the possession of the amateur pennant was played at the Capitoline grounds on Oct. 26th. The contestants were the Star Club, of Brooklyn, and the Champions, of Jersey City. The former have held the nominal title of champions for a number of seasons, no club, till the present season, disputing their title thereto. The Champions have always held a high position as strong players, and "over in Jarsey" were looked upon as almost invincible. The first game of the present series came off on the Champions' ground several weeks ago, and after an exciting struggle, and much to the surprise and disappointment of the Jerseymen, resulted in a victory for the Star score standing 11 to 10. The return game took place at the Capitoline grounds a short time since, and was, if anything, more of a surprise to the Brooklynites than the previous game had been to the Jerseyites. The Champions walked over the course without a struggle and came in easy winners, by a score of 24 to 9. In this game, as in the first one, the Stars had found great difficulty in batting the slow pitching of Willis. No one questioned the fact that they were the superior fielders, and, against swift pitching, fully their equal at the bat. But the "slows" were what bothered the Stars, and this, added to their wretched fielding, was what lost them the second game.

Fully aware of the difficulties they had to encounter, the Brooklynites found their way to the Capitoline ground early in the afternoon of the 26th ult., and, for some time previous to the appearance of their adversaries, batted against slow pitching. The day was exceedingly cold, although the sun shone out brightly. They managed to keep themselves from freezing, however, and by the time the Champions reached the ground, about 2.15, were in fit condition to "knock the life out" of even the redoubtable Martin. Despite the unfavorable weather, the attendance was pretty fair, and the interest manifested in the result was sufficient to keep the spectators in position till near the close of the game. With the exception of Manly the Stars were all out, and the Champions had out their best plays. The game began shortly before 3 o'clock, with the Champions at the bat. For the first two innings the batting was quite light, neither side seeming able to do much in this respect. In the third innings the Stars began to hit Willis quite lively, and scored five runs, although they were not entitled to any. Donnelly's poor play at second base, and a general looseness all round, helped to this result. In the fourth innings the fielding was altogether in favor of the Champions, and the Stars one of a brilliant double play by Hall was the feature of this innings, and elicited cheers from the spectators. In the fifth innings the Stars got to work in earnest, punishing Willis severely and scoring 11 runs. This put the result beyond a doubt, and the balance of the game was decidedly uninteresting. The final score was 27 to 8.

Notwithstanding the poor fielding of the Champions, there were many brilliant plays. Platt, McMahon, Collins and Halpin, of the Champions, and Hall, Worth, Rogers and Dollard, of the Stars, are all credited with good general fielding. A difficult line catch by Platt, and another by Halpin, were the features of the fielding. The umpiring of Mr. Hatfield gave great satisfaction, his decisions being prompt and impartial. The subjoined full score will give further particulars:—

CHAMPION.	H.L.	R.	1ST B.	T.	STAR.	H.L.	R.	1ST B.	T.
Halpin, r f	4	1	1	1	Rogers, l f	4	4	5	7
Snowden, l f	3	1	1	1	Jewell, c	4	2	1	1
Willis, p	4	0	1	1	Clyne, 2d b	3	1	4	4
Brown, c	4	0	0	0	Worth, 1st b	5	2	1	1
Platt, 3d b	2	2	0	0	Hunt, c f	2	3	1	1
Donnelly, 2d b	1	3	2	3	Cummings, p	1	4	3	4
Collins, s.s	3	0	2	2	Dollard, s.s	3	3	4	4
Clark, 1st b	4	0	1	1	Hull, r f	3	3	3	4
McMahon, c	3	1	0	0	Johnson, 3d b	2	3	5	6
Totals	27	8	8	9	Totals	27	27	26	32

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Champion	3	2	0	3	0	1	0	0	1—8
Star	5	0	0	0	11	1	4	5	1—27

Fly catches—Halpin, 1; Snowden, 2; Willis, 3; Platt, 3; Donnelly, 1; Collins, 3—12. Jewell, 1; Worth, 1; Cummings, 2; Dollard, 1; Hall, 1; Johnson, 1—7. Foul bound catches—Collins, 6; Rogers, 1; Jewell, 2. Catches on three strikes—Collins, 1; Jewell, 2. Base play—Put out by Donnelly, 5; Collins, 2; Clark, 2; Platt, 1—8. Assisted by Collins, 3; McMahon, 3; Donnelly, 1. Put out by—Worth, 9; Clyne, 3; Hall, 1—13. Assisted by Clyne, 4; Jewell, 2; Dollard, 2; Rogers, 1; Worth, 1; Hall, 1; Johnson, 1. Left on bases—Collins, 2; Jewell, 1; Clyne, 1; Worth, 1; Hunt, 1; Cummings, 1; Johnson, 2—7. Double plays—Clyne and Worth, 1; Hall, 1. Out on fouls—Champion, 4; Star, 2. Umpire—Mr. Hatfield, of the Mutual Club. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SOUTH.

MARYLAND vs. OLYMPICS.

A STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

Early in the present season the Maryland Club, of Baltimore, made arrangements with the Olympic Club, of Washington, D. C., for a series of home and home games. When the day for playing the first game came, the Olympics desired to play Tom Forker, now of the National Club, so the game was made a "social" one at the request of the Maryland Club, and was played at Washington, May 20th, 1869, the Olympics winning. The return "social" game was played in Baltimore, June 4th, the Olympics being defeated. The Olympics then desired to play for the "championship of the south," claimed by the Marylands, and to this end arrangements were made, and conditions proposed, by the Maryland club as follows:—

BALTIMORE, MD., June 10, 1869.

MR F. A. SCHMIDT, *Corresponding Secretary Olympic Base Ball Club, Box 63, Washington, D. C.*—I beg leave to submit for approval of your club the following arrangement for playing the "championship series" between our two clubs. *First.*—You meet us upon our grounds in this city, at 3 o'clock, Friday afternoon, June 18th, 1869. *Second.*—We will meet you upon your grounds in Washington, D. C., at 3 o'clock, Monday afternoon, June 21st, 1869. Should a third game be necessary, to be decided by toss where to be played; and whatever arrangements we come to, to be considered final.

I understand after playing the Pastimes, you wish to remain over and play us the next day; if so, all right. If the arrangements will not suit, submit one in return so I can get it by Monday morning's early mail. Your prompt attention will greatly oblige, yours, respectfully, E. O. THOMAS,

Cor. Sec. Md. B. B. Club

On the 13th of June the Secretary of the Olympics wrote the Secretary of the Marylands, stating that the conditions were accepted, but desiring the first game to be played in Washington instead of Baltimore. This was acceded to, as the following letter will show:—

BALTIMORE, MD., June 14th, 1869.

F. A. SCHMIDT, Esq., *Cor. Sec. Olympic B. B. C., Washington, D. C.*—DEAR SIR.—Your communication to hand. We accept the days named and the conditions to meet your club in Washington, Friday afternoon, June 18th, 1869, and for your club to meet the Marylands on Tuesday afternoon, June 22d, 1869. But it is impossible to divide gate receipts, owing to the fact that the skating park received one-half gate money from all matches, for these are the conditions we play upon those grounds, and, to divide our half, there would be nothing left worth considering. Hoping we shall have fair weather and interesting games, I am, respectfully,

E. O. THOMAS, Cor. Sec. Md. B. B. C.

We shall telegraph on lea

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Akron, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. A. O. Kerr & Co.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. H. Meyers.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Wm. J. Sell & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—"Kaylor Hall"—D. Kaylor.
Hartford, Conn.—"Roberts' Opera House"—W. W. Roberts.
Moline, Ill.—"Dunn's Hall"—Thomas Dunn.
Chicago, Ill.—"Library Hall"—John Robson.
Laramie City, W. T.—"National Theatre"—A. Trabing.
Sparta, Wis.—"Greve's Opera House"—W. E. Briggs.
Battle Creek, Mich.—"Hamblin's Opera House"—A. C. Hamblin.
Petroleum Centre, Pa.—"Sobel's Opera House"—S. Sobel.
Dayton, Ohio—"Huston Hall"—J. R. Huston.
Providence, R. I.—"Harrington's Opera House"—C. N. Harrington & Co.
Wellington, Ohio—"Franks' Hall"—H. B. Franks.
Dayton, Ohio—"Becket Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Catskill, N. Y.—"Meech's Hall"—J. H. Meech.
Hartford, Conn.—"Allyn Hall"—T. M. Allyn.
Baltimore, Md.—"Concordia Opera House"—S. Sondershof.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
New Castle, Pa.—"Jefferson Hall"—Jas. B. McKee.
Rock Island, Ill.—"Negus Hall"—J. Negus.
Fort Plain, N. Y.—"Diefendorf Hall"—S. Keller.
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera House"—B. Rouse.
Greenpoint, N. Y.—"Continental Hall"—C. Etheridge.
Rome, N. Y.—"Sauk's Opera House"—A. J. Sink.
Biddeford, Me.—"Shaw's Opera House"—Capt. Ivery Goodwin.
Monmouth, Ill.—"Hardin Hall"—C. Hardin.
Susquehanna, Pa.—"Truesdell's Hall"—J. G. Brewer.
Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—D. P. Lush.
East Saginaw, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. L. Davis.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Rooney's Hall"—N. W. Rooney.
Bowling Green, Ky.—"Odeon Hall"—Jas. F. Hackney.
Mallettown, N. Y.—"Mechanics' Hall—J. Clifton.
Auburn, N. Y.—"Casey Opera House"—Geo. Casey & Sons.
Wyandotte, Kansas—"Dunning's Hall"—R. G. Dunning.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—W. A. McClurg.
Kansas City, Mo.—"Frank's Hall"—C. J. Franz.

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—J. E. Jackson, Ledger Job Office, Phila., Pa.
Charry & Reilly, 12, 14 and 16 Spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. Ness Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Terry Brothers, 15 Spruce street, N. Y.
Alex. Calhoun, Printing Works, Hartford, Ct.
Wood Engravers.—Rovlance & Purcell, 125 Nassau street, N. Y.
Alex. Graham, 85 Nassau street, N. Y.
Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 45 Malden Lane, N. Y.
R. S. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.
Vanderlyn & Taylor, 96 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Thurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Sestrick, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Jig and Clog Dancing.—Mrs. J. K. Buckley, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.
Jno. Bogan, 108 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Musical Instruments.—Boosey & Co., 644 Broadway, N. Y.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 490 Bowery, N. Y.
John Broan, Boston.
Theatrical Agents.—Lowell & Simmonds, 609 Broadway, N. Y.
Thompson & Riggs, 512 Broadway, N. Y.
Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
John Huntley, 636 Broadway N. Y.
Jas. G. Burnett & Co., 129 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
Bill Posters.—P. C. Backus, Erie, Pa.
Prismatic Lights.—McLewee & Putnam, 761 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, etc.—Martin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass.
Scenic Artists.—L. W. Seavey, 684 Broadway, N. Y.
James McDyer, 226 and 228 Sixth avenue, N. Y.
Wig Makers.—Pechner & Schmidt, 21 East Houston street, N. Y.
A. J. Leavitt, Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Admission $1, reserved Seats; $1.50.; Family Circle, 50c.; Private Boxes, from $12 to $6. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 5d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c.; Parquet, 50c, Second Circle, 35c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—General Admission, 50c.; Orchestra Chairs, Balcony and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 75c.; Private Boxes (4 Circle), $10; Private Boxes (6 persons), $10. Matinee Prices—General Admission, 50c.; Secured Seats, 75c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 5d and 4th avenues.—Admission 75c. and 50c. Children, 25c.; to Reserved Seats, 50c. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street. Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet Circle and Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1.30 and 7.30, commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50, Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Dress Circle, 25c. Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 12½ and 7, commences at 1¾ and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Orchestra Chairs, $1; Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c.; Private Boxes, $6. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.—Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $8 and $5. Doors open at 1¾ and 6¾, commences at 2 and 8.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved Seats, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 5d and 4th avenues.—General admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra; Gallery, 25cts. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

THEATRE FRANCAIS—14th street near 6th avenue.—Closed.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commence at 8.

WAVERLEY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Orchestra, 75c.; Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street.—Matinee—Museum and Family Circle, 35c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats, 75c. Evening—Museum and Family Circle, 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats in Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Orchestra or Balcony Chairs, $1. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Clipper Post Office.

TO A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Aymar, Wm. F. (2)	Jones, Alonzo	Sutton, J. P.
Buckley, G Swaine	Keen, Julian	Stanwood, Harry
Burnett, A.	Kennedy, Walter F.	Turner, Ned
Bidwell, Charles E	Knight, Frank	Thompson, S.
Berger, Paul	Langdon, Harry	Templeton, John
Bignell, B. B.	Lindley, Maj. W. H.	Townsend, S. L.
Bernard, C. H.	Lang, Joe	Tripple,
Bucklin, Johnny D.	McKee, Andy	Villa, S. B.
Bruce, C. Amory	McVeigh, Johnny	Wood, Frank
Burkle (Serenaders	Morris, William	Walton, Joe
Bray, Walter	Melville, Charles	Wills, Richard
C. H. P.,	McClellan, Geo. D.	Whitmarsh, Wm. A
Callue, Myron G.	Murray, Johnny	Warner, C. E.
Clark, Charley H.	McDonough, Harry	West, Jack
Clinetop, Harry	Maxwell, Charles	Weightman, Charles
Cilley, Frank B. (2)	Moran, T. B.	Wild, John
Castello, Dan	Mortimer, J. M.	Young, W. H.
Cohen, Jerry	Mack, J. W.	Young, Henry
Church, C. L. (3)	Murray, Thomas H	Augusta, Mlle.
Clark, Kit	Malcomb, Thomas H	Anderson, Kate
Clark, Geo. M.	Morris, Charles	Braden, Annie
Drew, Frank	Meyer, F. F.	Clifton, Maggie
De Caux, Prof. (2)	Morris Brothers	Cooper, W. H.
Denier, Tony	Newhall, Frank	Donelle, La Jeuna
DeHaven, Claude	Naugle, Edward	Forreste, Zoe de
Denker, John	Noyes, C. W	Florence, Lizzie
Davis, William M.	Newcomb, W. W.	Hudson, Leo
Evans, Frank	Nelcourt, Louis	Hadley, Katie
Ellinger, William	Nugent, James	Hardy, Madelaine
Fielding, John W.	Lane, Maggie	Hall, Mollie
Fales, H.	Prosho, Thomas	Lopez, Signora
Foote, William	Pennoyer, A. S.	Mordaunt, F.
Fortesque, Geo, R.	Felutis, Egiesta	Newhall, Alda
Good, John D.	Ric ards, W.	Purcell, Flora
Gooding, E. D.	Reese, John P.	Richmond, Ada
Gymnast, (4)	Runnells, Burnell	Rainford, Mrs.
Gaylor, Charles	Robinson, John T.	Rubini, P.
Grant, Gen. Jr.,	Ricardo, F. M.	Stoequeler, Fanny
Giorza, Paolo (2)	Roberts, Prof.	Stickney, Sally
Greene, Robert L.	Slocum, Charles T.	Tracy, Imogene
Henri, George E	Sweetman, W.	Wood, Maggie
Holmes, Sam	Shaw, John G.	Williams, Mollie
Haywood, Tommy	Burridge, J. H.	Winters, Kate
Hernandez, Tony	Seymour, Harry	West, Sophia
Holmes, Edwin	Scott, Robert	Simmons, Jennie
Jackson, G. W.	Shay, Charley	Zoel, Maria

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

"WHEN EBENIN' COMES."

BALLAD FOR BANJO ACCOMPANIMENT.

When ebenin' comes and de day is done,
And de moon climbs o' de hill,
I rallies out of de'ble back do,
To meet my handsome Bill
Chorus—O, honey, am you dar?
O, honey, am you dar?
Wid your gallus way,
And your talk so gay,
And your curly raven hair.

His voice is like de bullfrog's, what
Pitch in from croking,
Or whiskey when in ambient streams
It issues from de jug.
Chorus—O, honey, am you dar? &c.

He say my lips lek'd like a ripe
Banana for to try,
And langwah but to science my waist,
And catch my coal-black eye.
Chorus—O, honey, am you dar? &c.

He allus dresses in de ton,
And promenades Broadway,
Wid starshers on his upper lip,
And dandy cane so gay.
Chorus—O, honey, am you dar? &c.

He ogles all de pooty gals,
And puffs his light cigar,
And stops to pass de time o' day
Wid such a gallus a'r.
Chorus—O, honey, am you dar? &c.

And patronize de wulgar chaps
What offers tings to sell,
O, isn't he a nifty boy,
A han'some lookin' swell!
Chorus—O, honey, am you dar? &c.

And when de weddin' day comes roun',
How happy we will be,
When in Grace Church dis bridal pair
Will court ma-ti-mony!
Chorus—O, honey, are you dar, &c.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Nov. 1st, 1869.

The week just closed was not prolific of large returns at our amusement resorts, for the political arena has engaged the attention of the public, and the skies do not portend much of a revival until next week, by which time our State election will have been decided, and the ballot and ingenious transformation of figures will declare the names of those who have "made their calling and election sure." November is here, but so far the season of 1869-70 has not given us anything to attract the masses as the "Black Crook" and kindred spectacles succeeded in doing a couple of seasons ago. We have had a taste of the legitimate, a little of the eccentric, a trial of burlesque, a dose of pantomime, and all that sort of thing, but no "house is crowded from pit to dome—with hundreds turned away unable to gain admittance," as some of the unreliable dailies are in the habit of stating. Last year, while the theatres were doing tolerably well, the minstrels experienced a depression in business, and the boys looked rather blue, when not disguised in black by the aid of burnt cork. This year, however, the tables are turned, and while the nigger minstrels are scooping in houses full every night, the "temples of the drama" do not exhibit that lively appearance which denotes the possession of untold wealth, or the enjoyment of "health and continued prosperity." The minstrels have made some improvements in their entertainments, and the people have encouraged them by thronging their halls with the "beauty, *elite*, and fashion of the city," *and* country, for our country cousins never fail to visit the minstrels *after* they have taken in the circus; for be it known that nothing in the way of amusements "can hold a candle alongside of a circus show," in the estimation of our friends from "the rural districts." And let us assure our circus managers that political clowns do more harm than good to a circus; one clown of that sort, who started out on his own hook this year, and did the political clowning for his "one-horse and one-ass" concern, came home considerably crest-fallen and short of funds, for the people refused to patronize his concern when they became aware of the character and double-dealing political tendencies of the so-called jester. When he was owned by others who controlled him and kept him within certain bounds, he did pretty well; but when he was let loose upon society, to act and talk and humbug the people, he was let severely alone, and now he "mourns his loss." The jokes and eccentricities of the old-time clowns suit the masses very well, and those who attempt to make a political arena out of the circus generally come out of the wrestle like an "under dog in the fight." Excuse this digression, as our pious preachers would say. The minstrels, instead of deteriorating in their entertainments, give their patrons a greatly improved bill of fare, and the result is, big houses and plethoric money bags.....Talk as we may about the legitimate and all that, there's nothing that draws so well and so long as brilliant spectacles and well-gotten-up leg pieces, and our opinion is that before the close of the season we may look for something in that line, and no clothes line, that will electrify the dry-gripes, and give the narrow-fats such a shaking up as they have not had since Collyer's Model Artists revolutionised the moral world, and introduced more of the human form divine to the notice of the public than they had ever seen before. "Jimmy, give us a pleasant little poem about shows." "Do you want somethin' piously inclined, or somethin' of the half-shed persuasion?" "Let it be plain and simple, in accordance with the principles of our readers." "Oh!"

ABOUT SHOWS.

'This world is *all* a show."
And a pretty good show it is;
But very much better it would be
If each man would mind his own biz, biz, biz,
If each man would mind his own biz.

The merchant is but a showman,
When his goods he exposes to view,
And he doesn't think it a bit of harm
When he tries his patrons to do, do, do,
When he tries his patrons to do.

And politics, too, is sham,
Though stumpers its praises may sing
For all of the antics and tricks they show
Are performed in a golden ring, ring, ring,
Performed in a golden ring.

And editors, likewise, are frauds,
And they be like the very old deuce;
Excepting, of course, "yours truly," good friends,
Who no man will ever trajuce, juce, juce,
No man will ever trajuce.

And some of our preachers are clowns,
With a side cash for heaven and earth—
They'll talk you blind 'bout the sins you commit,
But ne'er think of showing *their* worth, worth, worth,
Ne'er tire of showing *their* worth.

And women are made up of show—
Of gewgaws they don all they can—
Thus finely arrayed they exhibit themselves
To the gaze of each deluded man, man, man,
The gaze of each deluded man.

The brokers, too, show in the ring,
With bulls and with bears in their crew;
Jay Gould stirs 'em up with a very long pole,
While the pennies are caught by Fisk, ju, ju, ju,
Nor—and that's just the way they all do.

.....One day last week we took "Our Jim" to see Gustave Dore's great painting of "Dante and Virgil in the Frozen Regions of Hell." James was awe-stricken with the sublimity of the work, and after he had taken in the entire picture, he whispered:—"I never knowed they had any skating rinks down there afore." "There are very many things of which you are ignorant," we ventured to remark. "It aint a bad idea, though," continued Jim, as though he did not hear us; "I guess its *Boston* ice, sent down for the benefit of the Down Easters." We endeavored to explain the meaning of the ice in the painting, but the obdurate boy would see nothing but the skating rink. After studying a few moments, as if a thought idea had struck him, he said:—"The *other* place 'll do to warm the settlers in after they're done skeetin,' won't it? Them Rebs has took a good ways ahead, don't they?" And James quietly turned to wipe his nose on the cuff of his coat.....It is evident that something must be done to rescue the drama from the reproach of "innovation" which has so often been hurled at it in these degenerate times. The sticklers say that even Booth and Wallack are not quite up to the standard, and that to make a piece go off acceptably, these managers are obliged to call in the aid of music and the ballet; that pretty women and good looking men are just as indispensable in plays of the regular stripe as in the "Belle Helene," or "Formosa," and that Miss Sangalli and Lisa Weber were indispensable adjuncts to the success of the "Tempest." In Shakespeare's time the attractions of scenery and mechanical effects were wanting, but does any one suppose that Billy would not have been transported with delight if he could have seen one of his own masterpieces represented with the aid of a lively *corps de ballet* and fireworks? Go 'long! *What?* The fact of the matter is, you can't pile on the agony too much, if accuracy of representation is what you are driving at; and as to the *classical* drama, even the divine William only gave it to us on the half shell, and had an eye for sensation points that was truly Boucicultian. To be strictly in keeping, he should have made his play-houses on the style of those in vogue in the age of Aristophanes, and, as our modern managers have not the excuse he tendered, namely—a lack of means—we suggest that they meet the question boldly by returning at once to the primitive style of the Grecian and Roman theatres, when audiences educated up to the mark may "sop with Sophocles or rip with Euripides" to the extent of their desires. A play built upon this model would keep pace with the events of the day and would be rendered thusly by the chorus:—

BY WAY OF PRELUDE.

O, take an extra hitch now in your waistbands,
And brace your nerves for that which is to follow;
For we, with subtle art, will shortly show you
How two young lovers, of one gal enamored,
One shot the other and the old man scalped
With a seductive draught of frigid pisen.
While, striving to arrest the youth inhuman,
Policeman Number Sixty got a bullet
Plump in his horse, and, to cap the chapter
Of incidental horrors, him that did it
Was duly hung (perhaps you won't believe it),
And that poor gal, of all the sole survivor,
Went ravin' mad now, on Blackwell's Island,
Chaws straws and twigs the keepers for a livin'

WHEN THE QUESTION IS POPPED:

The die is cast, it is, and he has said it!
And of another pair the bash is scuttled,
Behold these happy and thrice blessed lovers
Gondling in each other's fond affection,
Like turtle doves a-billin' and a-cooin',
But see! alas, here comes the scandid father.
Old Hunks, the fast ones of the city call him.
Ah me! that I should live while I relate it,
He opes the door and down the steps, impetuous,
Boots the o'er fond but unpecunious lover.

AT THE MEETING OF THE RIVALS.

What deed appalling 's now to be enacted?
This wood should stand upon the Fields Elysian,
Two men are witnessin' in arm approaching—
It is a duel—these the scowling rivals.
They measure off the ground and take their pistols;
See, now, how proudly each strides out his paces;
But oh, ah! 'tis good-bye! now one reaches
His stackbutt first—he turns, he aims, he fires,
And in the back, co-chunk, the bullet hits him;
Unhappy youth, he's got his walking ticket.

THE POISINING OF THE FATHER.

Fain would I spare recital of these horrors;
But still the sanguinary list enlarges.
Partaking of a bowl of oat meal porridge,
Which the old man's extravagantly fond of,
A pang portentious pierces his writhing inwards.
And on the floor he falls, a ghastly corpus;
It he had taken pisen, shouldn't wonder!

THE OFFICER PUT HORS DU COMBAT.

Now, clouds portentous o'er the scene are drifting;
Behold, where walls and fences nimbly scaling,
Policeman Sixty, chasing the assassin,
Gets as aforesaid in his bulk a bullet,
And dies amid a crowd of soul bystanders,
While others, undeterred by his example,
With similar alertness chase the feller.

LAST SCENE OF ALL.—

Pause all, while I of retributive justice
A striking instance picture. Yonder dangles
From from a gallows this misguided lover,
While from you cell come wails and mingled laughter.
It is the proud, the be-dient daughter,
Clamped in a dungeon by the potent virtue
Of a writ de *lunatico inquirendo*.

MORAL.—

When for a certain game you have a passion,
Don't go poaching on other people's domains,
Or, like a chap that's swamped by his potations,
A *drop too much* may one day be your portion!

This is legitimate and classic, and moral besides, and now we'll introduce you to the poor players who have figured in the past, and who will try to please you in the time to come.

City Summary.

"SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT"—an old Colly Cibbian Spanish comedy—was revived, after being shelved for about twelve years, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, on October 25th, by Mr. Daly, for the purpose of presenting Mrs. Scott Siddons in one of those breeches parts made famous in the halcyon days of Mrs. Jordan. The comedy was splendidly put upon the stage, with a capital cast, magnificent set scenes, appropriate and beautiful costumes, and rich appointments. Mrs. Siddons looked charmingly beautiful in her well-fitting male dress as Hyppolita, and played the part in a manner that must have delighted her auditors. While Longstreet wore the breeches in a becoming manner, and, save she resorted to a little too much bowing and scraping, was acceptable. Agnes Ethel was pleasing as Rosa, while Fanny Davenport, in Viletta, had a part just suited to her, and she played it to the satisfaction of all. Davidge's Don Manuel would have been a more satisfactory performance had he been perfect in the text. The balance of the cast was in good hands. This same comedy will be repeated all this week. "Much Ado About Nothing" is in active preparation, also "Caste," "Second Love," "Irish Heiress," "Widow Hunt," "Suspicious Husband," and "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are." Mrs. Scott Siddons will close her engagement on or abo the 13th inst., and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau will appear about the 15th inst.

M. HARTZ, the magician, returned from Europe on Oct. 27th. His visit to Europe was to make arrangements for purchasing everything appertaining to a magician's business, and, having succeeded, he has opened a store in this city with the intention of supplying amateurs and professionals with everything known to the business, as well as many new things never before brought to this country. Mr. Hartz has retired from the stage and his present address will be found in an advertisement elsewhere.

YANKEE ROBINSON, the well known circus showman and Yankee comedian, opens an engagement at Wood's Museum on Nov. 8th, in a new drama written by himself and another gentleman expressly for the Yankee.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH has purchased from old Joseph Foster the right of producing his dramatic legend of "The Twelve Temptations," and will give it for the first time on any stage at the Grand Opera House, this city, immediately after the close of the English opera season by the Richings Troupe. This piece was written by Mr. Foster for its original production at Niblo's Garden, and it was thought as good as settled that it would be given there immediately after the close of Lotta's engagement; but while the managers were anxious to do it, they were not, it is said, willing to bring it out in that costly manner that Mr. McDonough deemed necessary to warrant it's having a long and profitable run, so he closed with the Grand Opera House management, who have promised to leave nothing undone to make it the most sensational spectacle seen in this city in a long time. The scenery will be painted by Charles Getz, while Mr. Duverney will make the "props" and armorial devices, and Samuel Wallace get up the mechanical effects.

LUCILLE WESTERN terminated her two weeks' engagement at Niblo's Garden on Oct. 30th. "Oliver Twist" was presented on Oct. 25th, with James Hearn as Bill Sykes, W. H. Whalley as Fagan, Miss Newman as Oliver Twist, and Lucille Western as Nancy Sykes, but was given in a manner that necessitated its withdrawal after Tuesday evening, as it failed to attract, and the Fagan of Mr. Whalley was anything but a satisfactory performance. "East Lynne" was revived on Wednesday evening, and kept the stage the balance of the week, but business was very bad.

"FORMOSA," which was a failure at Niblo's Garden, as well as wherever it has been played in this country, particularly Boston and Chicago, was dished up at the Old Bowery Theatre on Oct. 25th; but the East Siders, failing to see it in a Bouciacultian light, received it rather lightly. This week, "Waiting for the Verdict" is to be given.

WM. H. POPE gives his reading of the poem of "Manfred," at Steinway Hall, on the 3d inst., assisted by Geo. Morgan, the organist.

MISS BATEMAN is in the seventh week of her engagement at Booth's Theatre, where she continues her performance of Mary Warner in her new play of that name, and in which Theodore Hamilton has won a good reputation by his excellent acting of the *role* of Bob Levitt, which is one of the best acted parts in the piece. Mrs. Flynn is also entitled to praise for her little bit of character acting in the *role* of Mrs. Floyd. She is rightly the recipient of considerable applause. Virginia Francis Bateman improves in her acting and promises to make a clever little actress. The piece, although not as successful as was anticipated, is attracting fair houses.

MANAGER WALLACK announces for this week the following plays at his theatre:—Monday, "Still Waters Run Deep;" Tuesday, at 1 and 7:30, "Wednesday, "School for Scandal;" Thursday, "An Unequal Match;" Friday, "The Heir at Law," and Saturday, "Still Waters Run Deep."

"POOR HUMANITY" is the title of the domestic drama announced for production at the Olympic Theatre on Nov. 1st, in which Mr. W. Holston will sustain his original *role* of Mrs. Wisby, in which he gained much favor in London.

J. H. BARRETT, husband of the late Viola Crocker, came on to this city on Oct. 26th, from Philadelphia, to attend her funeral. It is his intention to leave for New Orleans this week.

AUGUSTUS PENNOYER, manager of the Richings Opera Troupe, arrived in this city on Oct. 28th, and will remain here until the troupe open at the Grand Opera House.

QUITE AN EXCITEMENT occurred at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the evening of Oct. 26th, while the performance of "As You Like It" was going on. During the marriage procession, the dress of Miss Ames (who was playing Hymen) caught fire, and in an instant she was enveloped in a sheet of flame; a panic appeared to have seized nearly all in the house, and some one raised a cry of fire; but order was soon restored and the audience gained confidence. Miss Ames was seized by Mr. Saunders, the stage manager, and wrapped up in a blanket, which extinguished the fire and was the cause of saving her life. As it was she escaped with a few slight burns.

THE INFANT DAUGHTER of Robert and Palmyra Johnson, well known in the equestrian profession, died in this city on Oct. 27th.

THAT CHARMING COMEDY of the "Heir at Law" was presented at Wallack's Theatre on Oct. 28th. It is one of those good old English comedies which are devoid of the indecencies and vulgarisms which characterize many of that class. There is a natural degree of simplicity and pathos running through it, which impresses upon the hearer a moral and instructing lesson, while the lighter portions provoke the wildest laughter. Dr. Pangloss is the peculiar character of the comedy, an excellent burlesque on the English tutors. The cast was a most efficient one, J. H. Stoddart appearing as Doctor Pangloss, and his performance of the character was in good hands. Mr. Gilbert, was another excellent performance. The Dick Dowlas of Mr. C. Wyndham was too restrained. Possessing a fine figure, good features and an excellent voice, all that he lacks is ease and confidence. Zekiel Homespun and Cicely, by J. C. Williamson and Louisa Moore, were effective and artistic. The comedy was well received. "School for Scandal" was again performed on Oct. 27th to a good house.

THE RICHINGS TROUPE open a season of English opera at the Grand Opera House on Nov. 15th. It is the intention of the directress to introduce what she calls cheap opera, catering for the masses, wisely believing that the people are as fond of music and will patronise it as liberally as those who pretend to be its followers. During the season Henry Drayton will appear as Mephistophiles in "Faust," a *role* in which he has gained considerable reputation. The "Huguenots" will also be presented, for the first time in English.

ESPINOSA AND RODRIGUES, the two Spanish gymnasts who made their *debut* in this city, at the New York Circus, on Oct. 25th, appeared in an aerial act called "Le Escalesa," which proved to be the "L'Escheile." They are fair performers only; they did not perform any new feats, or create any loud enthusiasm. The balance of the programme was very good indeed, the principal feature being the Melville Family in their graceful performance, Robert Stickney's four horse act, and William Conrad's performing dogs. These canines are excellent cards and keep the audience, particularly the younger branches, roaring with laughter. This week the Arabs put in an appearance.

AMONG THE ATTRACTIONS presented at the Theatre Comique, this week, will be found the burlesque in Dutch of "Richard Number Three," in which D. L. Morris will personate the tyrant Gloster—a performance well worth witnessing. C. E. Collins, "the Cure," will do his changeable act, called "The Seven Ages of Man." W. B. Harrison, the extemporaneous singer, will also appear, Hughey Dougherty will do a song and dance. Blanche Stamley will vocalize, Charles Howard will do his act of "Happy Uncle John," Harry Clifford will make his first appearance at this house in an Ethiopian sketch, Sheridan and Mack will appear in their protean specialties, W. H. Maflin will do his trick ladder act; and the *ballet*, led by Augusta and Venturoli, will appear in a new *ballet divertissement* of the "Hungarians." In addition to this, the other members of the company appear in favorite acts. Mons. La Thorne is now the stage manager of this house, having taken the position on Tuesday evening of the past week. Mons. La Thorne has had considerable experience in the business, and knows exactly how to run the stage of such a place of amusement; in fact, we know of no one more efficient.

QUITE AN ARRAY OF TALENT appears at the Waverley Theatre this evening. The Delevanti Brothers, gymnasts; Betty Rigl, *danseuse;* George C. Davenport, Irish comedian, and the dwarf Gen. Grant, song and dance performer, are the new faces, while Charley White, Ida Devere, Jenny Benson, Serg't Burke, Billy Carter and the regular company appear in a well made out variety programme. Cool Burgess has been engaged and will shortly appear.

DAN BRYANT AND DAVE REED appear to suffer as much from dies this cold weather as in regular fly time, for they are singing every night "Shoo Fly Don't Bodder Me," at their minstrel hall, and crowded audiences not only laugh heartily over their apparent troubles, but applaud until they come out and "suffer some more." This double act introduced here by Delehanty and Hengler has been made a good one by Dan Bryant and Dave Reed, and has proved one of their most pleasing performances.

LOTTA commences her engagement at Niblo's Garden this evening in "Little Nell," supported by Felix J. Vincent as Dick Swiveller, Edward Coleman as Quilp, Charles Hale as Sampson Brass and Kate Newton as Mrs. Quilp.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are presenting a most attractive minstrel entertainment at their hall, and well filled houses witness their eccentricities and listen to their pleasing ballads and instrumental music.

IN ADDITION to the Hanlon Combination, the Tammany management present this week William Carleton, the Irish vocalist, and the Lauri family in a change of pantomime. A family circle is opened for the first time this evening, the admission to which is twenty-five cents.

"LESTER OF MALLEY" continues to attract most excellent houses to the Grand Opera House, where, for the past two weeks, it has been performed to large and apparently delighted audiences.

LESTER WALLACK re-appears at his theatre on the 8th inst., in Robertson's comedy of "Home."

"A BLIND MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN SEARCH OF LIGHT" is to be the subject of a lecture by Rev. N. W. Milburn, at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 2d. Every visitor will be sure to get a sight for his money.

SANGALLI is in the third and last week of her engagement at Wood's Museum, continuing her performance of "Flick Flock." She takes a benefit on the 5th inst. Every afternoon Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby" will be performed. The menagerie portion of this establishment will be opened to-day, and will embrace a large collection of living wild animals from the Yankee Robinson's, George F. Bailey's and French's traveling concerns.

"A DUTCHMAN IN LONDON" cannot be an object of interest, nevertheless John F. Poole may think so, for he has written a drama with that title and announces it for production at Tony Paster's Opera House, this evening, and every evening during the week. Mr. Thompson will, of course, play Dutchy, for in such characters he is very clever. Walter Bray, Tony Pastor and Frank Kerns help to make up a good evening's entertainment.

Dramatic.

THE NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE, now under the direction of Messrs. Spalding, Bidwell and MacDonough," says a correspondent, "has been doing a fair business since the opening, although not so good as should be accorded to such a place of amusement. The fine weather in the cotton fields, gathering the crop, and the stagnation in trade caused by the late gold panic, have no doubt something to do with it, or I am sure Miss Marriott would have secured crowded houses. Her Hamlet, Julia, in the 'Hunchback,' Blanca, in 'Fazio,' Jennie Deans and Lady Macbeth are characterizations of the highest standard of excellence. She was fairly supported by Chas. Waverly, Martin Golden, Robert Duncan, J. H. Philips, Ella Wren, Bella Golden, Mrs. R. W. Younge and Miss Russell. This (past) week the Susan Galton Troupe commence an engagement under most promising circumstances. They met with a good reception. Their elegant *piquant* entertainment is supplemented by the performances of the De Lave Sisters, Lilla and Zoe, on the double and flying trapeze. This party continue with us two weeks."

"LOST IN LONDON" was produced in Savannah, Ga., on Oct. 25th, by O. B. Collins and Morse's company, with O. B. Collins as Job Armroyd, and Anna Levering as Nelly.

AT DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, Lotta concluded an engagement of two weeks on Oct. 23d. During her engagement the business was larger than that of any other theatre in the city during the present season. She was followed by John E. Owens on Oct. 25th, in "Married Life" and "Solon Shingle"; on the 26th, "Heir at Law" and "Forty Winks."..... At the Olympic, Susan Galton and her Comic English Opera Troupe terminated an engagement on Oct. 23d. Her productions failed to elicit the anticipated applause and overflowing houses, and in consequence played to poor business. She was followed by Miss Marriott, supported by the Academy of Music company from New Orleans.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted for the Opera House, Logansport, Ind. See the manager's card.

MISS ANNIE CORELLA, burlesque and soubrette actress, advertises that she has vacant time, and can be addressed through her agent.

Our New Orleans correspondent "Crescent," writing on the 25th of October, gives us the following report of dramatic affairs in that city:—"None of the several places of amusement in this city have done a large business during the past week. From various causes some of the audiences have been quite small. The St. Charles Theatre has proably averaged the largest, having at present the most popular attraction to a majority of theatre goers. The Chapman Sisters have improved considerably during the week and have gained for themselves a host of friends, for, although doing what is generally known as the 'leg business,' they have not relied solely on that as the only means of attraction; their mirthful songs and pretty dances, particularly the double song and dance introduced by them in Aladdin, have tended to draw large audiences. During the past week they have produced the burlesques of 'Ixion,' Aladdin,' 'Cinderella,' 'Black Eyed Susan,' and the farces of 'Checkmate,' Regular Fix,' and 'Wanted a Thousand Milliners.' This evening the burlesque of the '

sion of good houses, notwithstanding the weather has been stormy all the week. Mortiacchi is supported by the premier?—all very fine dancers. On October 29th, for the benefit of Mortiacchi—two acts of 'Flamella' and 'Esmeralda' were given, with Mor. Lecchi as Esmeralda, introducing the Hungarian Quadrille to a crowded and fashionable house. To-day (Saturday) a *matinee* will be given, when 'Flamella' will be produced. E. L. Davenport is underlined to appear on Nov. 1s .."

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, traveling party, play "Formosa" on November 1st, 2d and 3d, in Providence, R. I.

MAGGIE MITCHELL and company appeared in New Haven, Connecticut, on October 25th and 26th, under Lowell and Simmonds' management. Business, says our correspondent, "was very big; in fact the largest business of the season. 'Fanchon' was produced on the first night, and 'Pearl of Savoy' on the following night. She is to reappear on the 3d in 'Little Barefoot.'"

MISS MARRIOTT opens in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 8th inst., for six nights, and goes thence to Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS IN BOSTON are chronicled as follows by our correspondent, under date of Oct. 30th:—"Mr. Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., made his first appearance at Selwyn's Theatre on Tuesday evening, Oct. 26th, as Phidias and Raphael in the 'Marble Heart,' this being the first time the play has been presented at this establishment. The cast was remarkably strong and the scenery as near perfection as art can bring it. Especial mention, however, might be made of the wood scene in the second act, which was one of the best ever placed on this stage. Mr. Thorne was received very cordially by the audience and was called before the curtain after the third and fourth acts. He acted his part with excellence, and was particularly good in the farewell scene with Marco, and in the last act Mr. Vandenhoff acted the part of Volage finely, in fact it was one of the best pieces of acting this gentleman has given since his connection with this theatre. Mrs. Barry's Marco showed evident signs of great care and study, but it is not a part exactly suited to her style, and therefore was not as successful as some things she has done here. Virginia Buchanan as Marie never did better, the part being one just adapted to her abilities. Mrs. Davenport did finely as Madame Duchatlet in the single scene in which she appears. As for the remainder of the cast, embracing Messrs. Pearson, Bradford, Bascomb, Stedman, Kenway, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Athens and Miss Danforth they had little to do, but did that little well. The 'Marble Heart' has been given all the week, excepting on Monday, when 'She Would and She Would Not,' so successful last week, was repeated. 'Faces in the Fire' will soon be played, for the first time in America, and Boucicault's and Byron's last drama, 'Lo't at Sea,' is underlined. Next Thursday, 4th inst., 'Lady Audley's Secret' will be produced....At the Museum, on Monday evening, 25th inst., Annie Clarke appeared for the first time as 'Camille,' giving a splendid impersonation and proving herself to be one of the best actresses in the country. She was supported by Messrs. Barron, F. Murdoch, McClannin, Norris, J. A. Smith, Mrs. Vincent, Mary Sherlock, Ada Gilman and Jennie Workman. Why is it, I wonder, that 'Formosa' is no longer played, while 'Camille' is left without comment? I fail to see any advantage, in a moral point of view, which the latter has over the former. On Tuesday 'Evadne' was repeated. The farce of 'Paul Pry Married and Settled' closed the performance. On Wednesday afternoon and evening, 27th, "Camille" received its second and third performances to crowded houses; on Thursday 'Paul Pry' and 'Doing for the Best,' with Warren as Paul Pry in the first piece, and Mrs. Gilman in the last, were attended by a full house. On Friday 'Heir at Law' and 'Betsy Baker' drew together a large audience; this afternoon the 'Lady of Lyons,' with Annie Clarke for the first time as Pauline, and Chas. Barron as Claude Melnotte, is to be the attraction. Next Monday, Nov. 1st, first time of the 'Wife,' and Tuesday last time of 'Camille.'....At the Adelphi was produced, on Monday evening, 25th, a most little comedietta, the 'Household Fairy,' which was very well acted by Miss Edith Challis, who has come to be one of the strongest members of the company, and Mr. George Parkes. It was followed by the 'Pretty Housebreaker,' in which Lizzie Wilmore and Edward Righton were particularly good. Then followed Lingard's sketches, in which he introduced his latest one, 'Romping Nellie,' a capital addition to his *repertoire*. The whole was ended with Byron's burlesque, for the first time in Boston, of 'William Tell (with a Vengeance)'—a moderately good burlesque—which, when it is cut down a little, will be very enjoyable. Edward Righton carried off the honors of the evening by his impersonation of Emma, Tell's wife, which, both in costume and acting, was worthy of the highest praise. Alice Dunning was much better than usual in the part of William, and won deserved applause. Hill's Gesler and the remainder of the cast were moderately good, but are hardly worthy of separate mention. On Wednesday evening 'Love in Humble Life' was substituted for the 'Household Fairy,' the rest of the bill remaining the same as before. I am sorry Mr. Righton's connection with th's theatre closes so soon, as he is a fine actor, and has made himself quite popular during his short stay here.....The Howard Athenæum has had this week the new military pantomime, 'The Young Recruit,' in which Maffit executes a very laughable broad sword combat with Messrs. Bartholomew and Stout. In addition to these, Harry Garr has given his wonderful exhibition of eating and drinking under water, which is decidedly the most unique thing in that line we have ever had here. Moe and Goodrich, the skaters, have done some very funny acts, and the Rizarelli Brothers have appeared each evening. Next Monday (Nov. 1) Maffit's new pantomime, 'The Old Woman That Lived in Her Shoe,' will receive its first performance, and several new stars will appear in conjunction with it.....At the Boston Theatre 'Formosa' has seen its last performance, it was withdrawn on Wednesday evening, 27th, to give place to G. L. Fox and troupe in the pantomime of 'Hiccory, Diccory, Dock,' the first performance of which occurred on Thursday evening, 28th. The piece ran smoothly, but was very much like all pantomimes, except in the introduction of the Kiralfy Troupe, who are very graceful and very amusing; Geo. L. Fox is an excellent clown, and G. K. Fox is never Pantaloon; W. C. Rave was a fair Harlequin, and Mlle. Laurent was a good Columbine. Mons. Stribinger takes the *baton* during this engagement. The pantomime is only to run until next Wednesday evening, giving way then for a short engagement with Edwin Booth, who opens Thursday evening, November 4th, in 'Hamlet.'.....Kate Fisher closes her connection with the Olympic to-night. Then she is to receive a complimentary benefit. The bill will be an exceedingly strong one, as follows: The drama of 'George Barnwell,' after which Miss Sallie Swift will go through her Indian club exercises; then the exciting drama of the 'French Spy on Horseback,' introducing Miss Fisher and her horse Eagle Eye; the whole to close with the nautical drama of 'Black Eyed Susan,' Miss Fisher appearing as William. On Monday, 25th, she gave 'Mazeppa' and 'The Female Forty Thieves,' and the same bill was repeated on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday evening 'Rookwood' and the 'Female Forty Thieves' were presented. For some reason or other no performances were given the remainder of the week until that of to-night. I am afraid Miss Fisher has not found her special vocation very profitable."

JAMES G. BURNETT & Co., dramatic agents, Chicago, Ill., publish their card in another column.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, N. Y., "Henry Dunbar" was performed on October 25th. A correspondent says:—"It was shelved after the second night, and on the 27th, 'Blow for Blow' was given with the following cast: John Drummond, G. C. Boniface; Charley Sprague, Mr. Crosbie; Lieutenant Linden, Hillyard; Mr. Craddock, Mr. Sawtelle; Dr. Grace, Geo. Ryer; Lady Linden, Maggie Newton, and Mildred and Alice, Miss Dargon. The piece was well played. Only moderate houses have been in attendance. 'The Lancashire Lass' and 'Formosa' are underlined....."

A large gang of men are busily engaged on the New Opera House, and it is expected to be finished by the first of January,.....Edwin Forrest, supported by the Troy Opera House Company, gave 'Richelieu' at Tweddle Hall on October 27th to a good house. The piece was wretchedly played from beginning to end."

BELLE BOYD, known as the Southern spy, has been sent to the state insane asylum, at San Francisco, Cal.

THE FISKE BURLESQUE COMBINATION is said to have gone "up in a baloon" in Lansing, Mich., on Oct. 27th. Owing to the sudden disappearance of the manager, the troupe were left entirely on their own resources to get out of town, which they managed to do honorably by making over the entire receipts of their last performance to the creditors. The manager was heavily in debt to the company, not having paid any salaries for three weeks. Among the sufferers are Mr. L. P. Roys, Tom G. Roberts, R. B. Buck, W. C. Pope, Miss Nellie Tannehill, and Miss Maroin Holcomb. Mr M. W. Fiske and daughter and Miss Marion Holcomb returned to Chicago to look for their manager. Mr. Tom G. Roberts, L. P. Roys, and Miss Nellie Tannehill join C. W. Couldock, to open in Jackson, on Nov. 1st. From there they go to Battle Creek and Grand Rapids. So writes a member of the company.

JOHN T. FORD'S COMPANY, from Baltimore, closed their short season in Richmond, Va., on Oct. 23d. Our correspondent, "J. B. R.," says:—"'Dot' and Horse Shoe Robinson, were presented. The first piece was better played than on the previous evening. The last named play dragged heavily from lack of rehearsal. Altogether the management deserved better patronage than it received. Apparently all efforts were made to please the public, but the house, which had been well filled on the first three evenings of the week, was comparatively empty the last three nights. It is the more to be regretted, as Mr. Ford will not likely soon make us another visit.....On Oct. 27th, Oscar De Moyeau's German Dramatic Company put in an appearance in the 'Castle of Griffenstein;' 28th, 'Der Gold Bauer' (Golden Farmer), and 29th, 'Deborah,' were acted to very poor houses. The company comprises actresses and actors of decided talent. Mme. De Moyeau is worthy of special mention. Her Deborah was an artistic piece of acting, and elicited unanimous plaudits.....This theatre was sold at public auction on Thursday, Oct. 28th, and bought by Mrs. Magill, a former proprietress of it, for $30,000.....R. D'Orsey Ogden, ex-stage manager of the Richmond Theatre, under the proprietorship of Mrs. Magill, is in town, and rumors are afloat of his becoming connected with the management of our theatre."

THE ZANFRETTA PANTOMIME TROUPE appeared at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on Oct. 25th, 26th, and 27th, under the management of John P. Smith. Our correspondent "Mome" says:—"The programme offered by this troupe is of a varied character, embracing gymnastic feats by the Nelcourt Brothers, tight rope dancing by Alexander Zanfretta, acrobatic feats and posturing by Mons. Caron and his two kids. Clog dancing by Master Jerry, and a Dutch song and dance by Jules Keen. The performance was novel and has been well received and appreciated. .....Maggie Mitchell, supported by a first class company under the management of Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds, filled out the last three nights of the week at the Opera House, opening on Oct. 28th in 'Fanchon,' followed with 'Little Barefoot,' 29th; 'Pearl of Savoy' 30th; and for the *matinee* Saturday afternoon 'Fanchon' was again presented. Her engagement was the most successful played in Troy in a long time, standing room being at a premium both up and down stairs during her stay. The receipts of the three evenings and the *matinee* amounted to over $2,800."

Musical.

THE BERGER FAMILY, SWISS BELL RINGERS, after a successful season of three nights in Cleveland, Ohio, were at Painesville, on Oct. 26th, and Erie, Pa., on the 26th and 27th. A correspondent says:—"Despite bad weather, and the fact that the old Peak Family were billed to follow them in Erie, they did a fine business there, and their entertainment gave satisfaction." The following are a few of the many complimentary notices received by this party since they started out, a few months ago. "The Bergers gave, unquestionably, the most popular entertainments of the kind ever given here. Nearly every piece on the programme was *encored*, and the performers responded cheerfully to the public demand for one, and sometimes two or three repetitions. We commend the Bergers to the people of any town in which they may appear. They furnish an entertainment that pleases everybody—the most critical and cultivated musical ear no less than those who find pleasure in harmony of the sweet sounds of the bells, or the popular ballads of Miss Anna Berger. Miss Maud Stanley is a superior vocalist, having a voice of great power and purity, trained with much care and effect. Each member of the company is unsurpassed in his or her place, and altogether they prove a strong combination."—*Detroit (Mich.) Post, Sept. 13th.* "The performance given last evening was, in our judgment, much superior to the Peak-Berger entertainment last year. New features are introduced, and the musical selections are better.—*East Saginaw (Mich.) Enterprise, Sept, 16th.* "One of the finest musical entertainments ever produced in this city was given by the Berger Family of Swiss Bell Ringers, in Lucc's Hall, last evening. The audience was made up mainly of our most talented and music loving citizens, and they were delighted with what they heard and saw. The troupe is much better than it was when united with the Peak Family."—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle, Sept. 23d.* "The lovers of music will find the Berger concerts novel, varied and in every essential well rendered. Their handsome success in this city—the last performance being witnessed by a larger audience, if possible, than the first—speaks volumes in their praise."—*Citizen, Jackson, Mich., Sept. 6th.* "The first concert of the Berger Family of Swiss Bell Ringers took place at Brainard's Hall last evening. The house was full and the audience was delighted with the entertainment provided. We all remember the majority of this organization when connected with the Peak Family, and also remember with what favor they were all received at that time. We are now called upon to speak of them as a separate and distinct company, and without any disparagement to the excellent entertainment afforded by that organization, we can do no less than say that the Berger Family give an evening of amusement that, in all its qualities, has never been surpassed by any troupe of the kind that has ever visited us. The Bergers, as a family, are remarkable for their versatility as well as in their accomplishments in the art of music. The bells, the harp, the violin, the piccolo, and all brass instruments, seem to be mere playthings with them, and they execute the most delicate and beautiful music upon them with ease and perfection. The bell playing is artistic and finished, the best, by all odds, we have ever listened to."—*Cleveland (O.) Herald, Oct. 2d.* "Bell music we never have heard equal to that brought out by the Bergers last evening, and our city never has welcomed more versatile performers, or more perfect musicians in all they attempt, than this talented family." *Adrian (Mich.) Times, Oct. 6th.* "Though traveling hitherto in combination with the Peak Family, it has been evident that the Peaks contributed little toward the strength of the combination except the *eclat* of their name."—*Cleveland Leader, Oct. 22nd.* "The Bergers are meeting with unqualified success, and we pronounce their entertainments to be the best ever given in this region, and far superior to those of the Peak and Berger Combination. Their reputation as being the best troupe of Bell Ringers in the country, is already established.—*Journal, Bay City, Sept. 21st.* "THE BERGER FAMILY.—This remarkable company gave their first performance last evening, at Brainard's Hall. We are glad to say that the house was full, for an audience cannot sit down to a pleasanter or more refined entertainment than the Berger Family can give. The performances of Miss Anna Berger—one of the most versatile young *artistes* in the country—were received with the applause that they always inspire."—*Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Sept. 22d.* The Bergers were at Corry, Pa., on Oct. 28th, where they played to one of the largest houses that has ever assembled in the Academy of Music for the past eighteen months, and at Titusville, Pa., on Oct. 29th and 30th, every seat in Corinthian Hall was sold for both nights, before they reached the town. They were billed for Pleasantville, Nov. 1st and 2d; Oil City, 3d and 4th, and Petroleum Centre, 5th and 6th inst.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS gives a concert in Providence, R. I., on Nov. 3d, assisted by Arbuckle, the cornet player, H. C. Barnabee and others.

EDWIN RUPERT, mimic vocalist and burlesque artist, advertises in another column for engagements.

THE PAREPA ROSA OPERA TROUPE opened a season in Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 25th, at the Opera House. Our correspondent, "Amusement," under date of October 27th, says:—"The house was crowded. The curiosity of music lovers has been very great to learn whether Parepa would succeed equally as well in opera as in concert. Add to this that the opera chosen for the evening was Wallace's 'Maritana,' and it affords ample ground for anticipation; and well did Parepa sustain her position as one of the first of vocalists. She was received in a manner which attested her popularity, and which must have been gratifying. At the opening of the opera she seemed a little constrained, which, however, rapidly wore away, and in the *finale* of the first act and from thence throughout, her acting was sprightly and *naive*. Some portions of the score of 'Maritana' were charmingly rendered; among them 'The Harp in the Air,' which was given with a delicate appreciation. Mr. Castle, a favorite here, was warmly received, and gave the same rich, pure tenor that afforded us so much pleasure last season. His cavatina, 'Yes, let me like a soldier fall,' was quite effective. Mrs. Seguin, as Lazarillo, made a decided hit; her acting was natural. The aria, 'Alas, those Chimes,' was superbly rendered and was *encored*. Mr. Campbell sang finely the ballad of 'In happy moments,' and was loudly applauded, but he declined to repeat it. Lucy Simpson, as the king, did himself credit. On Oct. 26th, was the occasion of the *debut* here of Miss Rose Hersee in 'Somnambula.' Miss Hersee sings, acts and looks the very ideal of Amina. Her voice is a pure, high soprano, with wondrous flexibility and sweetness. In person she is a *petite* blonde, with a profusion of golden hair and very expressive eyes. She was evidently laboring under the effect of a slight cold, which somewhat cramped the fullness of her voice; she was called before the curtain at the close of the first act, and again at the *finale*. The orchestra is strong and effective. To-night we are favored with the 'Puritan's Daughter.'"

QUITE an excitement was stirred up in Pittsburgh, Pa., week before last, by the appearance of the Richings and Parepa Rosa Opera Troupe, at the Academy of Music, for six nights and a matinee performance, took in the sum of $8,777 43, and the Richings Troupe, at the Opera House, for five nights, $4,116 60, making for the two establishments $12,894 03, or an average of $1,172 17 per night.

THE FRANKO FAMILY give a concert in Newark, N. J., on the 3d inst.

THE BERGER FAMILY gave four performances in Cleveland, O., commencing on Oct. 22d, to large houses, who went away highly delighted with the music by the sisters and the humorous doings and sayings of Sol Smith Russell. So writes our correspondent.

A GRAND CONCERT takes place at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 4th inst., when Lizzie Lutz, F. Remerty, E. Knonenberg, C. Werner and Otto Singer will appear.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS was announced to give a concert in Pontiac, Me., on Nov. 1st.

SPALDING'S BELL RINGERS appear in Newark, N. J., on the 1st and 2d inst.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE commenced a week's season at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on Oct. 25th, in "Martha," to an excellent house. Our correspondent says:—"Mrs. Bernard as Martha could not have been in better voice than on this occasion. Mr. Brookhouse Bowler essayed the *role* of Lionel and very agreeably disappointed the audience. Mr. Drayton as Plunkett was good, as was Mrs. Bowler as Nancy. The company on their opening night made a decidedly favorable impression and will be always gladly welcomed back. 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Maritana,' 'Pearl' and 'Crown Diamonds' constitute the *repertoire* for the week."

CARLOTTA PATTI will be assisted at her concerts in Baltimore, on the 1st and 2d of Nov., by Habelman, Hermann, Sig. Ronconi, Mons. Ritter, Prume Violinist, with G. W. Colby as accompanist.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS are at Paterson, New Jersey, on November 3d, Middleton 4th and 5th, and go thence up the Hudson river.

BLIND TOM gave two entertainments in Toledo, Ohio, on October 26 h and 27th. Our correspondent "Local" says:—"His second house was the largest by $125.00. The total receipts were $537.50."

MISS CARRIE RENTZ gives a farewell concert assisted by C. R. Rentz and pupils, at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 10th.

MADAME CAROLINE RIVE, assisted by Madame H. S. Kitchell and Miss Julia Rive, gave a Concert, at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, Oct. 29th.

ROSSINI S MESSE SOLENNELLE (Last Mass) was performed, at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Sunday evening, Oct. 31st, with a full orchestra and chorus, under direction of Prof. H. Gerold.

THE PHILADELPHIA PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY announce that their concerts will take place at Music Fund Hall in the following manner:—December 11th, January 15th, February 19th and March 26th.

Variety Halls.

MECHANICS' HALL, Matteawan, N. Y., can be rented for public exhibitions. See advertisement.

MONS. A. BLANDOWSKI, *ballet* master and pantomimist, advertises that he can be engaged.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Pa., is said to be attracting its share of public patronage. Our correspondent, "J. H.," writes us as follows:—"Johnny Shay made his first appearance on Oct. 26th and met with a warm reception. He is a clever song and dance performer. This is Dick Carroll's last week, as he opens at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on Nov. 1st. On Oct. 28th Carroll introduced his new and original sensation act, entitled 'Terpsichorean Calculations.' Two pedestals, about three feet in height, are connected by a platform four feet long and ten inches in width. The pedestals are sixteen inches square, and are capped with moveable marble slabs. Upon these pedestals Mr. Carroll executes his dances. Lillie Beckett is a favorite at this establishment. Mike Keenan, Miss Lorance and Miss Heatherington put in an appearance on Nov. 1st."

SIGNORA LOPEZ with her infantile acrobats and Larry Tooley put in their first appearance at the Pittsburgh Theatre on Oct. 25th. Our correspondent "J. H." says:—"The Lopez Family do some very clever acts, considering that all the members are quite young. Larry Tooley's songs are fresh and are so satisfactorily given that three and four *encores* are accorded him nightly. The Romelli Family have been doing a 'Triple Leap for Life,' from the stage to the gallery, and a performance on the Polandric Ladders. Both acts are daring and gracefully executed. Viola Clifton took a farewell benefit on Oct. 29th. Next (this) week manager Williams introduces Rita Percy, Clara Burton, Ada May and Mlle. Olivia."

TIM HAYES joined the forces at the International, Toledo, Ohio, on Oct. 25th. Miss Maude De Lasco, Emma and Edith Whiting and Sig. Niccolo Worten make up the company now playing at this establishment. They give a great show, says our correspondent, and receive a liberal patronage.

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT, writing on the 29th ult., furnishes us the following:—"At the Race Street Theatre the can-can was put on again, Miss Ettie Barker being engaged for the *role* of Frailty. Although lacking the fine proportions of Aline Le Favre, she fills the character very creditably, and biz. has picked up finely since the can-can's rediscrus. There were several other changes; Joe Woods, comedian, appeared, and also Julia St. George, who had 'sherried' very unceremoniously from the new Academy of Music. Minnie Sherman retired. Seamon, the ventriloquist, continues to do his 'Peter Hontz Family' and also sings a duet entitled 'Patrick Casey' with Addie Sprague. The rest of the company remains unchanged.....Biz. continues good as ever at the Fourth Street Theatre. May Gifford, *danseuse*, Johnny Weaver and Walter Wentworth, the contortionist, all appeared Monday night. Weaver did middle business—a new line for him—and also performed his 'Happy Old Man' act. Wentworth's acts are a great success, and he proves a good relief to Mitchell, the magician, whose engagement had expired. On Thursday evening, Maggie Mayling, late of the Academy of Music, went on. She has a strong and sweet vocal organ. Millie Bassore, who played here last Winter as Millie Marie, has vastly improved as a singer. The can-can, with Leoline as Frailty, is still the main attraction. The company is now both full and good.....At the Academy of Music there have been a number of changes, mostly for the better. A mob of terribly bad performers have been got rid of, and N. B. Shimer, and Dan Conner were put on the ends, and they make a good team. Marsh Adams was engaged for interlocutor, a position in which he is at home. The song and dance boy Cincinnatus was also added to the company. He is the best Emersonian performer in these parts. Miss Lula Wharton, a pleasing vocalist was a further recruit, as also Oscar D. Kress, the piccolo soloist. Julia St. George played in this establishment the shabby trick of cutting the concern without notice. She went to the Race Street. The company is now certainly a vast improvement on that of the opening week. Next (this) week Fred. Shaw, an old concert manager, will take the position of stage manager. The hall is a fine one, and there is no good reason why a first class variety theatre cannot be made of it.....Oscar Willis, Gussie Lamereaux, John Deakin, and Nellie Taylor spent several days in town before departing for Memphis. They were from Saginaw. Ned. Reed, Bonnie Emerson, and others, are looked for next week from Bay City, Mich.

SEVERAL CHANGES have recently been made in the company at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington. The troupe now presents ten performers in the first part. Dick Parker, the stage manager, upon the retirement of Mr. Correll, resumed his former position of interrogator. The ends are performed by Tom McIntyre and Harry Hart. Mr. McIntyre has been connected with the establishment for upwards of a year; he is a very clever performer and is considerable of a favorite. If the manager would consult the tastes of the patrons of the house, however, he would arrange with performers for shorter time. The audience desire a constant change of performers and get weary of the same faces, especially when engagements run into months. Harry Hart is on the tambourine end; he sings an end song in good style and keeps his audience in a constant good humor. He tells a gag admirably, and speaks so distinctly that every word can be easily understood from any part of the hall. Mr. Hart has the common fault, however, of telling jokes that are not exactly new. Maggie Fielding, vocalist, has re-appeared. During her previous engagement she only appeared in the olio. She sings in the first part, also, later in the evening, in her album of comic songs. Miss Fielding is one of the best vocalists that has yet appeared at this hall. On Friday evening, in the minstrel scene, Miss Fielding sang "Shells of the Ocean," and was awarded a hearty *encore*. A vast improvement could be made by organizing a quartet for the first part, instead of having every one sing in rendering choruses. Several of the company, for instance, whose line of business is not that of vocalist, assist, when it would be better to have only a certain number of voices. Jennie Jerome, vocalist, is a late addition, and is something of a favorite. Lizette Lefevre, *danseuse*, re-appeared recently, after an absence of several weeks. The lady is young and pretty, and is a pleasant addition to the company. Naomi Porter executes an Irish jig, and also appears in the afterpiece. Mlle. Carolista continues as a member of the troupe. Dick Parker closed his engagement on Oct. 30th. James Porter commences on Nov. 1st. So writes our correspondent, "Novice."

ARTISTS of ability are wanted for the American Variety Theatre, Chicago, which opens on the 15th of Dec. See the manager's address in another column.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Richmond, Va., is not doing well, a correspondent informs us, "owing to the attractions at the theatre and elsewhere in the city, calling its *habitues* from their wonted posts. The company at this place of amusement is as good as we have had for several seasons; in numbers it is more complete—for we have over a dozen performers and heretofore five or six was the highest number reached. Good performers, new attractions, pleasing faces and popular acts ought to make this institution successful. On Oct. 26th the can-can was reproduced to a very good house. During the week the management introduced new acts and jokes, and Julia May, a pleasing vocalist, made her first appearance. This lady has a good voice and sings well and has proved a card. Millie Mordant's singing is nightly *encored*. The dancing of Miss DeVere and Miss Hunter is pleasing. Miss Coleman is still a favorite. The comicalities and negrotisms of Jimmy Quinn and Hen Mason are the signal for vociferous applause. Geo. L. Hall is stage manager."

GEORGE R. EDESON, late stage manager for Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, was announced to open in Pittsburgh, Pa., at the old Theatre, on Nov. 1st.

MORTIMER WILLIAMS, known as the "Peck Measure Dancer," opened at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on Oct 22d. George Christy, Jr., appeared on the same evening, the former appearing on the bone end and the latter as tambo. Jennie Le Clair, *danseuse* and vocalist, also appeared the same week. The Can-can was produced at this house, on Oct. 28th, to a full house. It was performed there last winter for three months. It is produced under the direction of Mortimer Williams.

SAM'S COMIQUE is the name of a variety hall open in Wilmington, Del., under the management of Sam Nebeker, with Charles Hall as stage manager, and the following in the company:—Frank Clark, banjoist; Mast. Robbins, spoon dancer and clogger; Dick Paul, Ned Larry, Eliza Gardner, vocalist; Carrie Bentley, prof. Nebeker and McKee.

Negro Minstrelsy.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS opened at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, October 25th, and met with a cordial reception. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"S. S. Purdy and Wilson appeared to advantage in their flashes of wit and grotesque impersonations. The ballad singing in the first part was tastefully selected, and all of it *encored*, and, in fact, the audience appeared to be an unusually appreciative one. The musical scene by Harry Johnson, with Purdy to perform upon twelve instruments, and Front-Room scene, Frank Wood's locomotive imitations, the song and dance of Joe Emmett, as well as his burlesques, altogether make up a programme of rare excellence."

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS having been traveling through Nova Scotia for some time, close in those Dominions on Nov. 2d, and enter the state of Maine at Eastport, on the 4th, and go thence to Calais and Bangor, returning through New England to York State.

MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS having leased the minstrel hall in St. Louis, Mo., built by Wilson and Morris, are giving it a thorough overhauling, with the intention of re-opening it on Nov. 8th.

SAM SANFORD'S MINSTRELS showed at Catskill, Oct. 27.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS give one of their entertainments at Catskill, N. Y., on Nov. 3d.

MORRIS BROS. MINSTRELS were billed for Springfield, Ill., on Oct. 29th.

SKIFF'S MINSTRELS start from Boston on the 8th inst., for a traveling tour. In the party are M. T. Skiff, Eph Horn, Sen., and Eph Horn, Jr., Walter Bray, Cooper and Fields, Charles Church, William Chambers and others. C. B. Cluster is advance agent.

CHAS. DANNEY advertises that he desires an engagement as comedian.

"LEAVITT'S NEW NEGRO SKETCHES" are advertised in another column. A. J. Leavitt also advertises that he can supply the profession with wigs.

WILD, BARNEY AND MAC'S MINSTRELS appeared in New Haven, Conn., on October 28th and 29th. Our correspondent "Eno" says:—"This company give an excellent entertainment, and should do well. Johnny Wild, Barney, and Little Mac work hard to please their audience. Mac's 'Essence' is one of the features of the show, and he was called out five times to repeat the act. Johnny Wild was well received both on the end and in the olio, as was Master Barney, whose jig dancing and 'old woman' act make a feature. Sam Devere as a banjoist is good, but his best act is 'Mistress Jinks of Madison Square.' Mr. Tyrrel's ballads were sung in good style."

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS play in New Orleans during the winter, under the management of Spaulding, Bidwell and MacDonough.

ARI HOLSTON, burlesque *prima donna* and *danseuse*, can be engaged. See card.

A GOOD MINSTREL TROUPE, or other first-class entertainment, is wanted by John P. Smith, whose address find elsewhere, to play at Troy, N. Y., on the 18th inst.

THE OPENING of Duprez and Benedict's Opera House, Seventh street, Philadelphia, October 25th, as anticipated, was a decided success; the interior has been neatly repainted and papered under the direction of Mr. Frank B. Culley; the seating capacity is 1,100, including a colored gallery, where the genuine article can gaze upon the antics of his backers; the external appearance of the theatre has been greatly improved by numerous gas lights and jets and tasteful decorations; the parquet seats are rather hard and uncomfortable, but it is to be presumed that Mr. Duprez will remedy any little defects after he is over the hurry and bustle of the opening. Business continued excellent the entire week, the vocal and instrumental portions of the programme receiving high praise. Lew Benedict and Charley Reynolds hold the ends, and both being excellent comedians, their patrons will profit by a friendly emulation. Gonsalvo Hishop is an inimitable old man. Let the management produce novelties and an alternation of new faces, and the public will respond by nightly filling the Opera House.

FRANK MORAN has re-appeared at Carncross and Dixey's, Philadelphia, much to the gratification of the patrons of that establishment.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, with Joe Emmett, the Dutch comedian, commence a six nights' engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Nov. 1st.

MANAGER HOOLEY presents three new burlesques at his hall in Brooklyn this week, called "High Times in Brooklyn," "A Musician in a Fix" and "The Target Excursion," the latter being a burlesque on the Hooley Guards' target excursion. The old walk around of "Shoo Fly, Don't Bodder Me," from which the double act is taken, will be given. C. Vernon, vocalist, also puts in a re-appearance.

Circuses.

DR. THAYER'S CIRCUS, seized in Cincinnati, Ohio, for debt, is to be sold at public auction during the week. The den of lions could not be attached, because it is the private property of Mr. Charles White. Of course, this proceeding put a stop to the further performances of the company. A number of the performers and employees of the establishment seeing how things were going, determined to secure certain arrears which were due them, and eight other suits were entered against the Thayer, as follows:—Four for wages and for $750, for five weeks' service as equestrian manager, and for the use of trained horses, as well as for the services of his wife (Marie Whittaker), as equestrienne, for all of which he was to receive $150 a week; Charles Abbott, the clown, sues for $363, the balance on account for services at $70 a week; Frederick A. Dubois sues for $565, as a balance due on $1,000 for services as advertising agent from April to October; Joseph H. Neal, gymnastic performer, sues for a balance of $426 at $35 per week; Joseph Burdeau, also a gymnastic performer, at the same pay, sues for a balance of $320; Charles H. Lowry, equestrian, at the same pay, sues for a balance of $260, and James Blakely sues for $900 on a judgment recovered elsewhere.

ERIAN'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS exhibits in Reading, Pa., on the 4th inst.

CHAS. PARKER, clown, can be addressed care of this office.

JOHN STOWE'S CIRCUS exhibited at Kendelville, Ind., on Oct. 25th, when the snow was six inches deep, but they had a fair house. The concern was to ship from Fort Wagner on the 30th, for the south. Jerry Hopper, the clown, has lately joined this show.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS breaks up in Hudson, N. Y., on the 6th inst.

FRANK L. ROPE is requested to send his address to J. Judge, by a card in another column.

MR. CHARLES WARNER'S CHAMPION CIRCUS gives its inaugural entertainment, for the winter season, at the circus buildings, 10th and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, November 13th; many improvements in the seating and illuminating of the interior have been made.

THAYER'S CIRCUS.—A perfect avalanche of executions have descended upon this unfortunate concern, which is now in the hands of the Cincinnati Sheriff, and is to be sold November 10, any family desiring to lay in a stock of elephants or lions will thus have an opportunity. The Doctor was tendered a benefit at the National Theatre on Saturday evening, October 30, for which the Lessing well troupe and a large number of professionals had volunteered their services.

LEVI J. NORTH'S CIRCUS having been in Canada, has returned to the States, and appears to have got into some difficulty, as will be seen by the following:—"Deputy United States Marshal Inslee, of Port Huron, with another internal revenue officer from Detroit, went to Chicago recently armed with a bench warrant from Judge Drummond, of that city, and proceeding to Joliet, where Levi J. North's circus had just gone into winter quarters, arrested W. H. C. Shepard, Gustavus Shepard and Charles H. Haskins, proprietors thereof, on a charge of smuggling sixteen horses from Canada. The defendants were brought to Detroit and arraigned before United States Commissioner Wm. D. Wilkins, where they gave bail, with three sureties, in the sum of $2,500 each, for trial on the first Tuesday in December next. The facts as charged are that the defendants, in bringing their circus across the river from Canada, at Port Huron, brought the above stated number of animals over with them, smuggling a part outright as belonging to the establishment, and illegally importing the balance, some eight or ten, by entering them under a false invoice of value."

CHAS. ABBOTT, clown, inserts a number of notices in another column, and states that he can be engaged.

JOHN HENRY COOKE and MLLE. HENRIETTA go south this winter with Stone and Murray's Circus.

AMES' CIRCUS and MENAGERIE re-opened in St. Louis, Mo., on Oct. 27th.

Miscellaneous.

BARITONE advertises that he wants concertizing or dramatic engagements.

GRACE EGERTON and GEORGE CASE, at present on a tour of the states, having lately arrived from Australia and California, under the direction of James G. Burnett, can be secured for brief engagements, as will be seen by their manager's card in another column.

BILLY PASTOR'S COMBINATION, having undergone some changes, we herewith give the party as at present organized:—Billy Pastor, James Mack, Johnny Pendy, Master George Warren, Joe Lang, Dave Oakes, Dick Willis, Dick Murphy, Ada Tesman, Delia Murphy and Anne Williams. Masters Charlie and Willie were to join the party on Nov. 1st at Titusville, Pa.

JOHNNY PENDY, having lately published a number of new songs and dances, announces in a card among our theatrical advertisements that he is prepared to furnish performers with copies on receipt of the "equiv."

THE JAMES MACE AND JAMES TAYLOR COMBINATION appear this week in Paterson, N. J., Elizabeth and Trenton, and open on the 8th in Philadelphia, and go thence to Baltimore and Washington.

A YOUNG GIRL is wanted to learn fancy dancing, by J. Pidgeon.

"PRETTY LITTLE LULY," a new song and dance, can be had of J. W. Reynolds, who advertises in another column.

FRANK'S HALL, Kansas City, Mo., is advertised to rent for all respectable entertainments. It will seat eight hundred persons and has a stage with scenery.

MAJOR BURNELL wants a young man to act as solicitor and ticket agent. Address, as per advertisement.

JAMES MACE, supported by the Zanfretta Troupe, appeared in Troy, N. Y., on October 28th, to a rather light audience.

THE HEYWOOD AND FINN COMBINATION appear this week in Schenectady, N. Y., Utica and Syracuse.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON was to open in Albany, N. Y., on the 1st for one week.

BILLY STEWART, song and dance performer, having closed at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O., has bought a half interest in Pierce's Combination, and joined them at Monroe, Mich., on Oct. 29th.

THAT "HUMOROUS WATSON" is traveling through the eastern states giving entertainments, assisted by Prof. Young, William F. Lester, Wm. A. Marston, John A. Hil and J. Hollowell.

WYM

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
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A FIRST CLASS LEADING MAN,
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FIRST OLD MAN,
TWO GOOD UTILITY MEN,
ONE FIRST OLD WOMAN, AND A PRETTY CHILD,
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CELEBRATED BALLET MASTER and Pantomimist, having just closed an engagement at the Front St. Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Md., can be engaged by responsible managers. Address MONS. A. BLANDOWSKI, 37 N. Gay street, Baltimore, Md. 31-2t*

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17 LARGE ANACONDA SNAKES FOR SALE CHEAP.
Any man taking the lot can buy them for
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They are all perfectly healthy and sound.
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Desires a Situation in a Minstrel Troupe as comedian; is acquainted with the business. Address G. L. FORMAN, Trenton, N. J. 31-2t*

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A SITUATION AS STAGE CARPENTER AND MACHINIST.
One well up in the business.
Has models for some of the best sensation scenes. Also model for the Magic Colored Water Fountain used in "Aladdin." Managers wishing his services, address C. JOCK JACKSON,
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HERR HOLTUM,
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This charming
COMEDIENNE AND VOCALIST
Is now ready to negotiate with managers for time. Her repertoire will embrace the following
NEW AND ORIGINAL PLAYS,
written expressly for her, viz:—
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